

BEAUTIFUL WATERS

WILLIAM B. BULLOCK

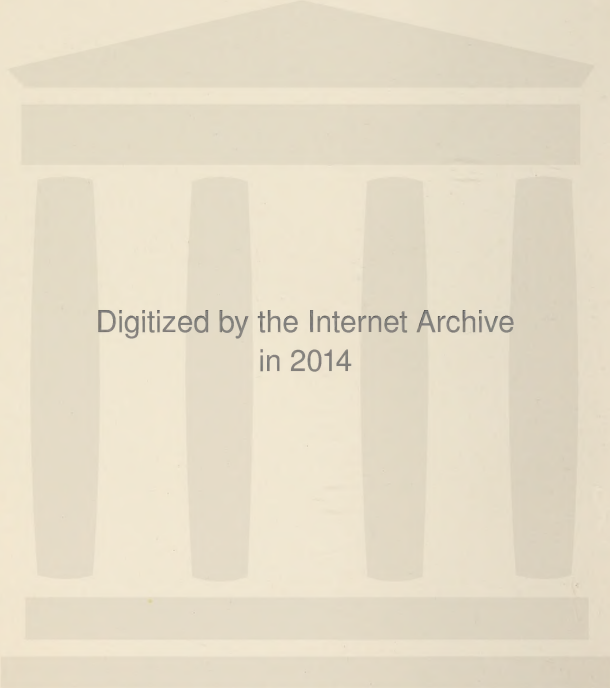


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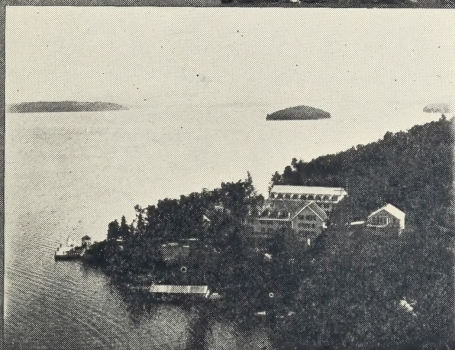
ROBERT GIBSON



yours faithfully
William B. Bullock



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Top—Driveway leading to bay at Eagle Point [Photos by H. Green]
 Center—Looking south from Eagle's Nest, halfway up Owl's Head
 Bottom—Mt. House in 1894, taken from deck of the "Lady" before she landed

BEAUTIFUL WATERS

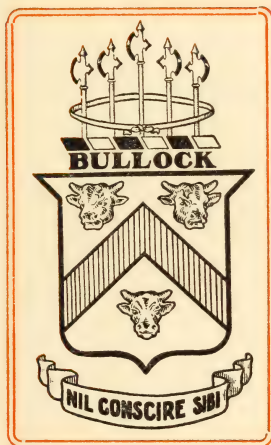
DEVOTED TO THE

MEMPHREMAGOG REGION

—:IN:—

HISTORY
LEGEND
ANECDOTE

FOLKLORE
POETRY
DRAMA



COMPILED AND PRINTED
BY
WILLIAM BRYANT BULLOCK
AT PLANT OF MEMPHREMAGOG PRESS
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William Bryant Bullock
Newport, Vermont

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In Grateful Memory
of those

Memphremagog Pioneers

who braved the dangers of the wilderness
that their progeny, et al, might enjoy the ad-
vantages of civilization in one of Nature's
wonderlands

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PREFACE



TO BEGIN with, I want to express my gratitude to those who have made contribution in any way to the following pages. Many friends have by expressions of encouragement heartened me greatly in my humble endeavors to faithfully portray the valiant work of the pioneers and perpetuate between the covers of a book the historical facts, folklore, anecdote, legend, poetry and drama of wonderful old Memphremagog, that have inspired writers throughout the century-and-a-quarter. In perusing the pages I trust you will get at least a certain degree of the enjoyment that I have experienced in placing them in print.

While this is not primarily a view book, yet there is interspersed some valuable reproductions of old drawings of the settlements, famous hotels and other old landmarks of the Memphremagog region, that will revive fond recollections among the older residents and those who have become regular visitors to its charming borders during the summer; there are also many beautiful views of sections of the Lake that remain the same from

age to age, which will never grow old. The illustrations are principally for the purpose of showing the locations referred to by the different articles.

The compiler has lived about Lake Memphremagog practically all his life. His father, the late Increase Bullock, was a son of one of the earliest settlers of Georgeville, who, with certain sons, has left much valuable data for local historical literature. This matter together with contributions make an interesting fund of information regarding a bit of territory that is very dear to the hearts of many residents as well as those who visit it from beyond our borders. Being a printer and in possession of this historical matter I consider it a rare privilege to be able to place it before the public.

The following have been very helpful as works of reference: Child's County Gazetteer and Hemmenway's Vermont Gazetteer, at the Newport Library; Forest & Clearings, a Stanstead County History, and Sherbrooke Record of 30 years ago.

The sketches for the Division initial letters, beginning the first two articles of Division I, were drawn, by permission, from views taken by Mr. H. W. Richardson of the Arrowhead Art Shop. All the other initial cuts are from drawings by Mr. Harold L. Miller.

We appreciate the good care given by Mr. F.

R. Wright of the Photo Craft Shop, in copying the old drawings for use of the engraver in making the halftone cuts.

Appreciating the equal importance of the adjoining towns, yet we have room in this book to historize and deal with only the pioneer life connected with Lake Memphremagog and its immediate borders—which we term the Memphremagog Region. We find that data relative to this territory is sufficient for one volume. The State and Provincial histories take care of the territory in general.

THE IMAGINARY LINE

The boundary line dividing two great countries passes thru our Memphremagog region, leaving its markers on mainland and island; but there the division ceases. The hands of good fellowship span this imaginary line, uniting the Canadians and Americans in interests that are identical. It's the big idea to bury the petty differences that sometimes arise between neighbors and be as one in the large things of life. What a happy possibility to have this link in a chain of brotherhood eventually welded. We are at least unanimous in the unstinted admiration of our charming Memphremagog region and looking to its welfare.

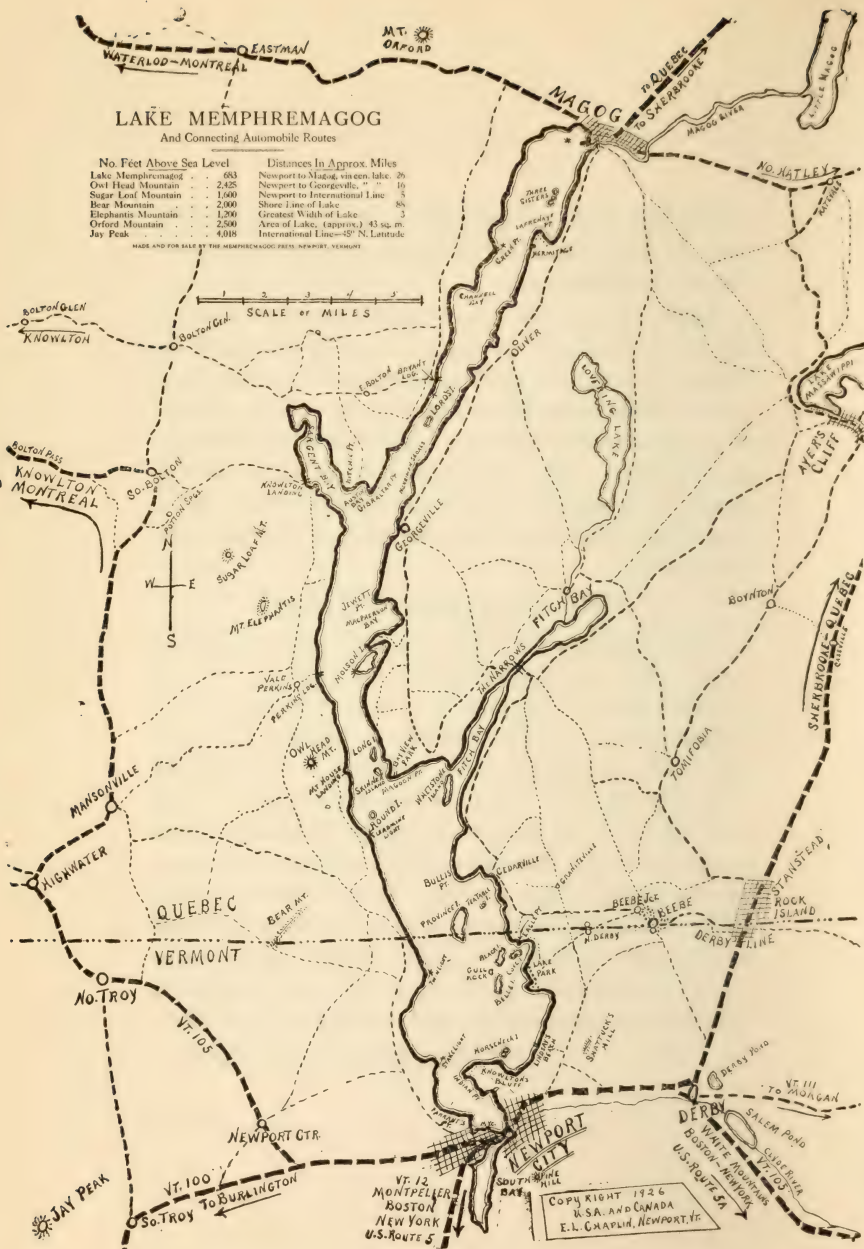
WILLIAM BRYANT BULLOCK.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

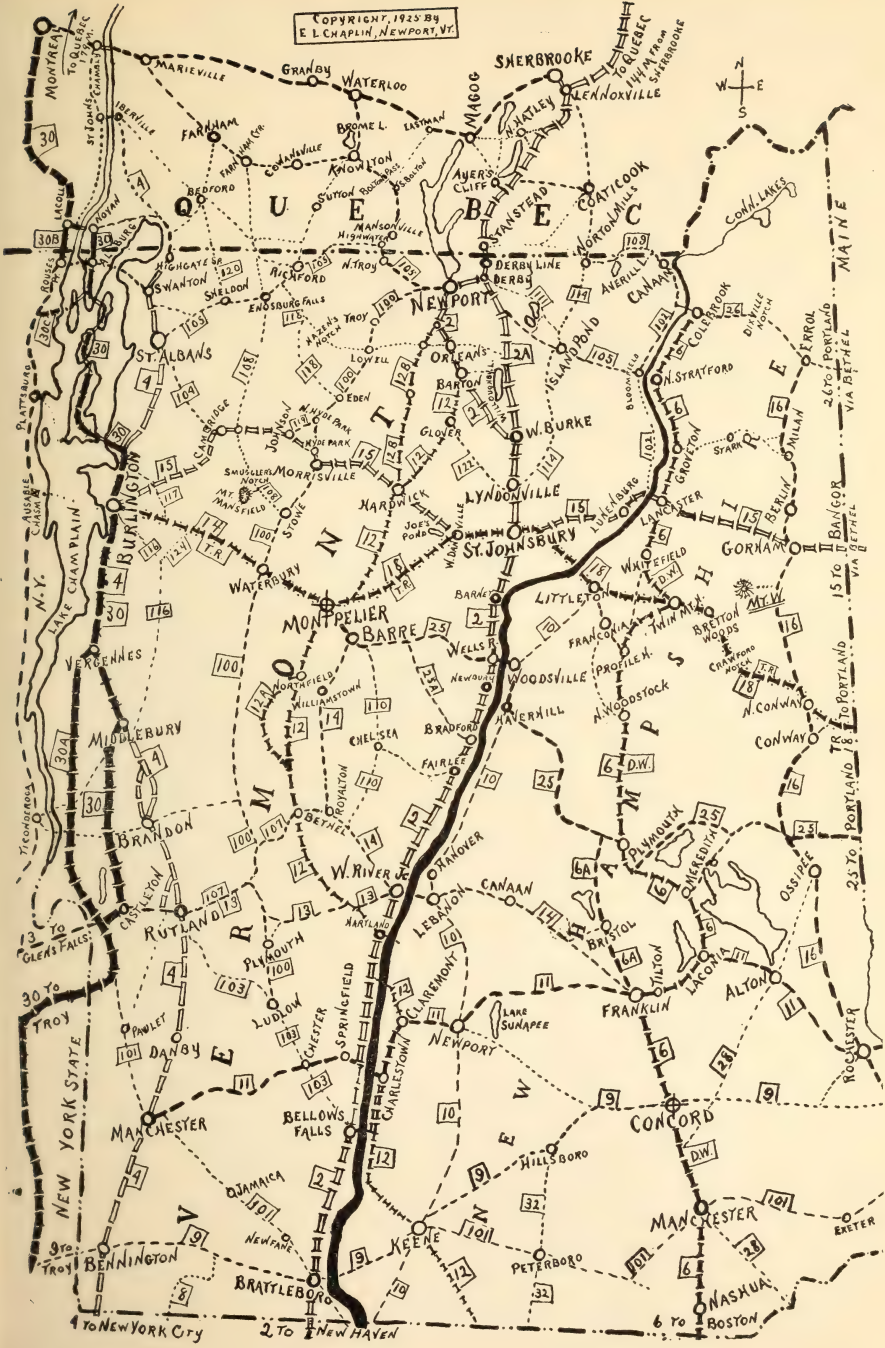
And Connecting Automobile Routes

No. Feet Above Sea Level	Distances In Approx. Miles
Lake Memphremagog . . . 683	Newport to Madog, across lake . . 20
Owl Head Mountain . . . 2,425	Newport to Georgeville . . . 10
Sugar Loaf Mountain . . . 1,600	Newport to International Line . . 5
Bear Mountain . . . 2,000	Shore Line of Lake . . . 86
Elephant's Mountain . . . 1,200	Greatest Width of Lake . . . 3
Orford Mountain . . . 2,500	Area of Lake, (approx.) 43 sq. m.
Jay Peak . . . 4,018	International Line—37° N. Latitude

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DIVISION I

HISTORICAL

Each mile passed revealed new glories
of nature, as tho the leaves in God's
great Nature Book were being turned
showing new masterpieces of His
handiwork

FIRST SETTLEMENT ON THE LAKE

Considerable of this article and the "Georgeville Settlement" is from the pen of the late H. I. Bullock



A Look Backward to the Seventeenth Century—First White Settler, Nicholas Austin, Pitches at Gibraltar Point.

HOW far we must unroll the parchment of Time to ascertain when the enchanting Lake Memphremagog first met the gaze of the white man is impossible to determine. We have a tradition that a small party from Major Rogers' force in their retreat from the avenging Indians in 1758, passed down the western shores of the lake, obtaining from its depths a plentiful supply of fish as an agreeable variation of sustenance on their long march. This was also a probable route followed by predatory bands of whites and savage warriors moving north or south during the French and Indian wars in the 18th century.

The pioneer white settler of the shores of Lake Memphremagog was Nicholas Austin, who came from Somersworth, N. H., in 1791. He belonged to the Society of Friends and after the Revolutionary war, being persecuted for his strong Tory principles, he resolved to emigrate to Canada and live under the flag he loved so well. Being

acquainted with Gov. Wentworth of Halifax, N. S., he sought his advice and as a result decided to locate in Bolton township. Leaving his New Hampshire home he started to spy out the land of promise in Canada, and at Cabot, Vt., then the last inhabited place in that direction, struck out into the vast wilderness that extended nearly unbroken to the outskirts of Montreal, with only a compass for his guide. He finally reached the head of the lake and purchasing a canoe from some Indians he found encamped there, proceeded on his way by water.

Could we but roll back the years to the summer morning of 1791 and view with him the landscape as it unfolded in his progress down the lake, what a scene would be revealed! The broad expanse of the virgin forest, many tinted and undulating over hill and valley, unscarred and perfect as when formed by the Great Creator: Its dim aisles resonant with the song of birds, the drumming of partridge, the call of the stag, the screech of the panther and all the varied sounds of its teeming avenues; the emerald islands scattered in profusion upon the cerulean expanse of the lake; the jutting points and promontories; the sylvan bays lined with pebbled beeches; the receding vistas of headlands, shores and mountains, bathed in the soft glow of the summer sunshine; the distant cry of the loon; the sudden noise of the startled ducks escaping from before the intruder, and the splash of the "longe" rising to the surface on every hand. Such would have formed some of the sights to captivate the senses of the occupant of the boat as he plied his industrious blade that eventful morning.

As he emerged from the "Narrows" where Newport is now located and entered the broader expanse of the lake, the full glory of Memphremagog burst upon him.

Then as he proceeded, one bewitching scene would give place to another of greater loveliness.

The fair aspect of the gentle swelling shores of Marlow would be exchanged for the rugged grandeur of Owl's Head, the towering highlands of Magoon's Ridge and the uneven heights of Sugarloaf Mt. Thence passing "Fern Hall" and "Bellmere," his craft would soon reach the loveliest part of the entire lake. The beetling sides and peculiar formation of Gibraltar Point upon the western shore must have drawn his attention, and as he gained its top an extended and charming view was spread before him. Nearly two-thirds of the lake can there be seen. From Magog on the north to beyond Owl's Head in the opposite direction, the glimmering and sparkling sheet of water lay beneath him.

In front the eastern shore with its numerous projecting points and receding bays, rose gradually to moderate altitude, and flowed back to the blue horizon; while at his back the lofty chain of Green Mts. towered toward the skies.

Evidently the charm of this first visit to Gibraltar clung to him all the remaining years of his life, for by his oft repeated wish, he was buried under the shadow of its pines at his death.

At the base of this promontory is a beautiful bay and close to one end of it Nicholas Austin finally made his home; although he first landed at Perkins' and built a log house, but later discovering he was not in Bolton township he continued down the lake to the bay that lies under the shadow of Gibraltar. Having decided upon this spot he went to Quebec to treat with the government for the land, and thence returned to his home in New Hampshire. The following year he went to Quebec by way of

St. Cesaire for further land negotiations and again returned to New Hampshire. The third year Austin once more travelled to Quebec via Lake Champlain and Chambly and completed his land negotiations, taking a grant of the Township of Bolton as agent, along with 54 associates, and in the same year---1794---made his settlement. He came in via Cabot, Vermont, as upon his pioneer adventure; but this time with his wife and four-year-old son. He brought his household effects in an ox team and had a man to assist him in clearing a road through the forest. He crossed the lake in a five-ton boat built of cedar and finally reached his destination.

Nicholas Austin's rough experience and tenacity is a fair example of what we owe the hardy pioneers for the present-day civilization that we thousands enjoy. Yet they probably reaped as full enjoyment in their great foundational work as we now do in our various pursuits.

THE BOUNDARY LINE

In 1767 the line between Canada and the Province of New York was run by commissioners chosen by the two countries. It was afterwards erroneously run by I. Collins and I. Carden in 1772. As late as 1806 there was much uncertainty as to the exact location of the 45th parallel of latitude and, indeed, the last survey in 1908 showed some minor errors still existing. This demarkation crosses the lake at Province Island, six miles north of Newport.

POTTON

Potton was first settled about the year 1800, by a few emigrants from New Hampshire: David Blanchard, Col. Ruiter, Moses Elkins, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Manson, Dr.

Gilman and a Mr. Coit. At that time there were but few settlements in Northern Vermont and no roads---only blazed trails and blind pathways. They encamped on a pleasant meadow of considerable breadth three miles east of where Mansonville now lies, the river dividing it. Potton Township adjoins Bolton on the south.

It was some years after the first settlement before Levi Knowlton settled at Knowlton Landing in Potton on the lake, and the Perkinses and others along the lake shore towards Owl's Head.

THE LAKE SHORE—EAST SIDE

This settlement was begun in the year 1800 by the Merrill, Jewett, Baird, Dailey Peasley, Geer and Brown families.

No. 14, 1st Range was occupied for some years by Samuel Brown and latterly by Hon. C. D. Day. The estate is noted for its beauty of scenery and well kept grounds and bears the name of "Glenbrook."

No. 15, 1st Range, pitched by Isaac Brown, passed eventually to Judge Day.

No. 16, 1st Range, was pitched by Elijah Baird, and is now the property of Alexander Molson, Esq., and is known as "Fern Hill."

Nos. 17 and 18 of 1st Range were settled respectively by Silas Peasley and Mr. Norton.

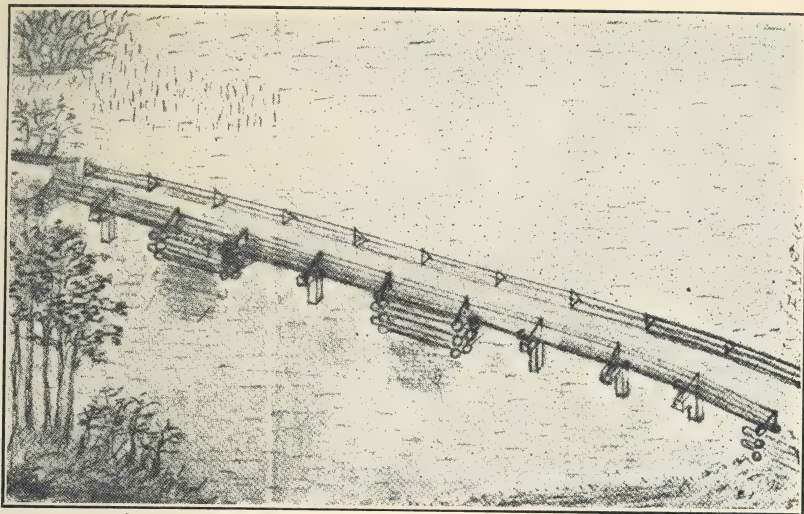
No. 19, 1st Range, was settled by Isaac Brown and later became the estate of Sir Hugh Allen, being named "Bellmere."

DERBY, VERMONT

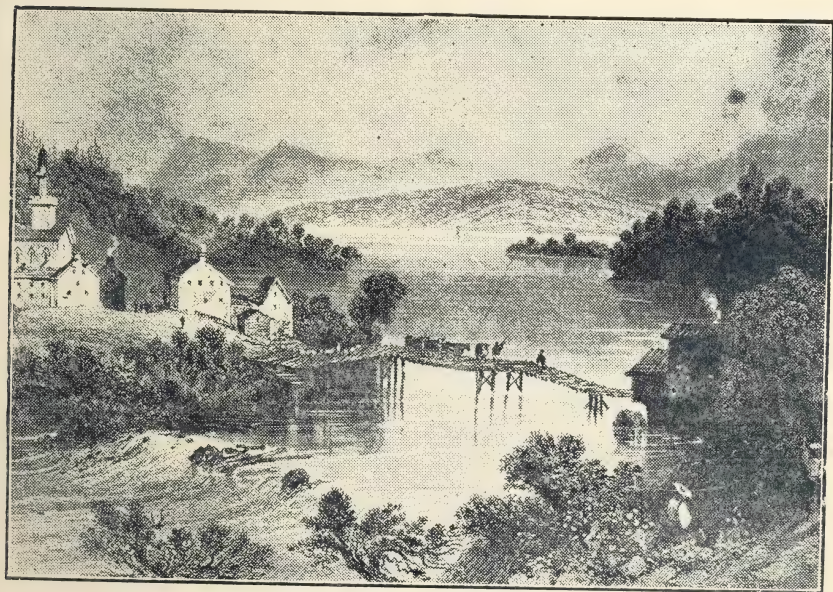
Meeting Newport and running to the southeast shore of the lake, lay the town of Derby, which was chartered to Timothy Andrus and associates Oct. 29, 1779. The first settlement was in 1795 by Hon. Timothy Hinman of Southbury, Conn., and was joined later by Alex. Magoon, Henry Buzzell; John, Joseph and Henry Merrill, and Rufus Stewart of Brattleboro, in 1797. Judge Hinman was Derby's first town clerk, first justice of the peace and first representative. He married Phoebe Stoddard and reared a family of 11 children. He died in 1850.

WEST DERBY.—Child's Gazetteer (1883) reports West Derby: "A post village located on the Clyde River about a mile east of Newport, containing one church (Baptist), one store, one grocery, a paper mill, veneer mill, grist mill and about 300 inhabitants." The western part of the village in later years bordered upon the lake. When the village of West Derby was annexed to Newport (1918) mutually forming a city, her commerce and population were more than trebled. This suburb now affords the City of Newport its best residential locality.





THE INLET. The old log bridge spanning "The Narrows" which gave the name of "Lake Bridge to the Newport settlement
Drawing used by Dr. J. M. Currier in his pamphlet on Lake Bridge



"THE OUTLET" Magog's name in settlement days



Georgeville in the early settlement days (about 1835)

Courtesy Sherbrooke Record



"Copp's Ferry," first name for Georgeville settlement

Courtesy Sherbrooke Record

SETTLEMENT OF GEORGEVILLE, P. Q.

First Known as Copp's Ferry"—Launching of the First Steamboat, "Mountain Maid"—Geo. C. Merrill's Interest in Navigation.



GEORGEVILLE, Stanstead County, Province of Quebec, was settled in 1797 by Capt. Moses Copp. He was born in Hamstead, Mass., in 1760 and married Anna Mills in 1785.

Being one of the 45 associates of the Township of Bolton secured by Nicholas Austin, he moved into Canada in 1796, drew his lot and began a clearing upon it. He brought with him his wife and three children—Richard, Joshua and Moses, the latter being only two years old.

For some reason this location did not suit him and in the following year he relinquished it and crossed the lake into Stanstead Township, and, selecting a site close to a large spring and a few rods from the water's edge, built the first house in the village of Georgeville. The ruins of this structure were to be seen as late as 1850. A small sapling the size of an ordinary walking stick, set out by his son Richard, is now (1894) a large spreading elm of nearly 10 feet in circumference.

At this time the only settlements upon the eastern shore were those of Elijah Baird, Jeremiah Lord, Amasa Merriman, David Chamberlain and Joel Ives. These,

with Mr. Nicholas Austin upon the west shore, constituted the sole indication of civilization upon the whole circuit of the lake. At Magog the forest lay dark, heavy and silent awaiting the coming of the pioneer. The rolling surfaces of Stanstead, Hatley, Barnston and Compton were covered by the same somber and unbroken mantle, save where the smoke from burning log heaps struggled in solitary columns from distant points into the quiet atmosphere.

Stanstead Plain and Rock Island in one direction and the settlements of Capt. Bartlett, Capt. E. Harvey and Joseph Fish near West Hatley and Burroughs Falls in the other, were just struggling into existence.

Sherbrooke, Ascot and Eaton were only having their infant colonies, and in Newport Hurd had erected his cabin.

The same year a son was born to Mr. Copp. He was named George Fitch and was the first male child born in Stanstead.

Mr. Copp built a scow large enough to convey loaded teams across the lake and soon made it a principal part of his business to attend to the many travellers' wants in this respect. In this way the place received the appellation of "Copp's Ferry" and continued to be so designated until 1822, when the community was renamed Georgeville after the first native child, George Copp.

From the settlement of the village until 1808 travellers were guided on their way by blazed trees and locomotion was accomplished either afoot or horseback. Where the growth was impenetrable a path was cut with the axe and boggy places were filled with logs laid side by side, after the "corduroy" plan. In that year (1808) highways were laid out, assessments levied and work begun upon this prime necessity of all new settlements.

The wild animals often proved troublesome, particularly wolves which were more numerous; occasionally panthers would alarm the lonely travellers. Richard Copp, then 11 years old, had daily to hunt for the family cow which was allowed to seek forage on the outskirts of the forest. In later years Mr. Copp related how the bell upon the animal's neck would guide him to her and invariably an overpowering dread would oppress him when, belated by some duty, the shades of night overtook him in the forest. Then the faint cry of the distant catamount would curdle his blood and hasten his pace.

An old meadow near the village which has for many years yielded large crops of hay, was at that time the home of a colony of beavers; but like the aboriginies they have long disappeared.

About 1829 a houseboat was built to replace Mr. Copp's scow in the ferry service, bearing the name of "Ho Boy." This was a decided advance in convenience but not much of any in speed. It had several masters or owners: Levi Bigelow, George Dimond, J. C. Tuck and Geo. W. Fogg being the principal ones. After many years' service the hull became decayed and every winter its tired frame used to rest on the bottom of the lake. In the spring a "bee" would be gathered armed with long-handled buckets and the submerged hulk would before night be bailed out, the leaks stopped, and after a thorough oiling the boat was ready for service again. But alas! whiskey would stand in pailfuls all day, free to those who chose to drink, and when the vessel was empty the men were full.

LAUNCHING OF THE MOUNTAIN MAID

Probably the greatest day that Georgeville ever saw

was the launching of the "Mountain Maid," the first steamboat on the lake. Settlers from miles around gathered in crowds to celebrate the event. Col. Cross of New Hampshire and Geo. W. Fogg were the promoters of the steamboat enterprise and received the homage of the day. The Georgeville brass band bravely headed the procession that marched through the streets. The ladies of the proud village provided a sumptuous banquet that was followed by fluent toasts and speeches, enlivened by copious draughts of wine. Mrs. Fogg christened the boat by breaking a bottle of wine across the bow. Mr. Spears of Burlington, Vt., was her designer and builder. The Maid ran until 1892 with varying fortunes and finally made her last port at Magog where she too suffered the fate of the "Ho Boy."

The late Geo. C. Merrill of Newport made an interesting contribution to the annals of navigation on the lake in the following account of building the Mt. Maid:

A subscription paper was started and residents along the lake, and as far as Barton, Vt., signed liberally, the whole amounting to over \$4000, of which about \$3500 was paid in. This was in the fall of 1849 and the work of construction was pushed during the winter following. The oak, of which the bow, stern and floor timbers were made, was taken from the sides of Owl's Head; the engine frame and kelsons of Norway pine from Indian Point; the white pine for hull and decks from Magog; the knees and frames of tamarack from various swamps near the lake; the rock maple for the bottom from the hillsides of Potton. Thus the whole shore of the lake contributed to the building of the steamer. All of the large timbers and planking were sawed by hand, as at that time there were no power mills fitted for sawing long timber. The hull was designed and

built by Austin Spears of Burlington; engine and boiler by Molson at St. Mary's foundry, Montreal. The engine and boiler were brought to the lake by teams, 24 days being used to deliver the boiler alone.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

In 1867 the "Lady of the Lake" was brought from the Clyde shipbuilding works in Scotland and her iron parts assembled in Magog, the shipwrights coming with the sections to do the expert work of assembling.

Her first captain was Handyside, followed by Capts. Fogg, Cleveland and Bullock.

The "Lady's" picture in this book shows her on the "ways" at Magog just before the launching fifty-eight years ago.

This large, handsomely appointed steamer was the pride of the residents about the lake, and her untimely scrapping fate a few years ago was a sad event to her many admirers.

OTHER MEMPHREMAGOG BOATS

About 1863 a small company was formed at Magog to build a boat on a new principle. Two narrow hulls about forty feet long, four deep and three wide were confined four feet apart and the whole decked over. In the center of the deck an opening was made for a paddle wheel. This craft did not prove successful and was soon abandoned. Yet about 16 years later a boat was built at Georgeville along similar lines, with the addition of steam power. This latter craft, dubbed "The Minnie," did the ferrying between Georgeville and Knowlton Landing for a few years.

Then followed the steamer "Nora," built at Georgeville by Thomas McDuff, Esq., of Montreal, and served a very useful purpose in accommodating small private picnic parties.

Sir Hugh Allen of Montreal, who occupied a fine estate, "Bellmere," a few miles south of Georgeville, during the summer, constructed a private yacht, modelled after the Allen Line of ocean steamships. A very beautiful craft, 86 feet long, named "Orford." In the spring of 1871 Sir Hugh became the owner of all the boats on the lake: Lady of the Lake, Mountain Maid, Nora, Newport and seven barges.

From time to time since then many prominent people who spend their summers about the lake, have operated very beautiful private yachts.

THE FOREMOST INDUSTRY

In those early times about Georgeville, or when it was called Copp's Ferry, salts making was almost the only means the settlers had of obtaining a little money and paying for store goods. The firm "Peasley, Bullock and Copp," early established a pearlash factory in the rising 'Ville, also obtained goods from Montreal and opened a store. The store prospered as the location was good and the people of the community were imbued with the spirit of enterprise. The new store attracted customers from Potton, Bolton, Magog and the greater parts of Stanstead. The usual consequences resulted from their success in business. The hamlet made rapid strides towards a village. Smitheries, cabinet and wheelwright shops; tailors, mechanics of all kinds, a minister, doctor, schools, etc., and numerous buildings going up and the sounds of industry

in all quarters—all gave evidence of a lively community bent upon doing, if not enjoying, the good things of the world.

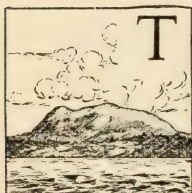
For many years Georgeville took the lead of all the villages around; those were its halcyon days. But the community had no water power, nor did the railroad come near there as was once expected; and important thoroughfares opening up around them gave birth to new centres of business; thus Georgeville's prosperity subsided almost as rapidly as it arose.

A postoffice was established in Georgeville in 1824, Chauncey Bullock being the first postmaster. Increase Bullock and his sons, Hazen I. and Don Albert, were postmasters at different times in succeeding years. Wm. Bullock, father of Increase and Chauncey, was born in Guilford, Vt., in 1770 and settled one mile north of Georgeville on the Magog road, in 1801. His was a fine farm and bordered on the lake.

"Forest and Clearings," a Stanstead County History, states: "William Bullock was active in the management of public affairs, having received a magistrate's commission and other offices of trust from the Provincial Government. His progenitors can be distinctly traced back to the time of the Norman Conquest in 1066 and some 300 years before the introduction of surnames into England. We find the names and coat of arms of the family in English Heraldry. In 1635 three brothers—Henry, Edward and Richard Bullock—emigrated from England and settled in Salem, Mass. Richard removed to Rehoboth, Mass., in 1647, and from him William Bullock was descendant in the fifth generation."

SETTLEMENT OF NEWPORT, VT.

*First Known as "Duncansboro," Later as "The Narrows"
and "Lake Bridge"—Newport's Village Site Originally
Sold for \$250—Historic Echoes*

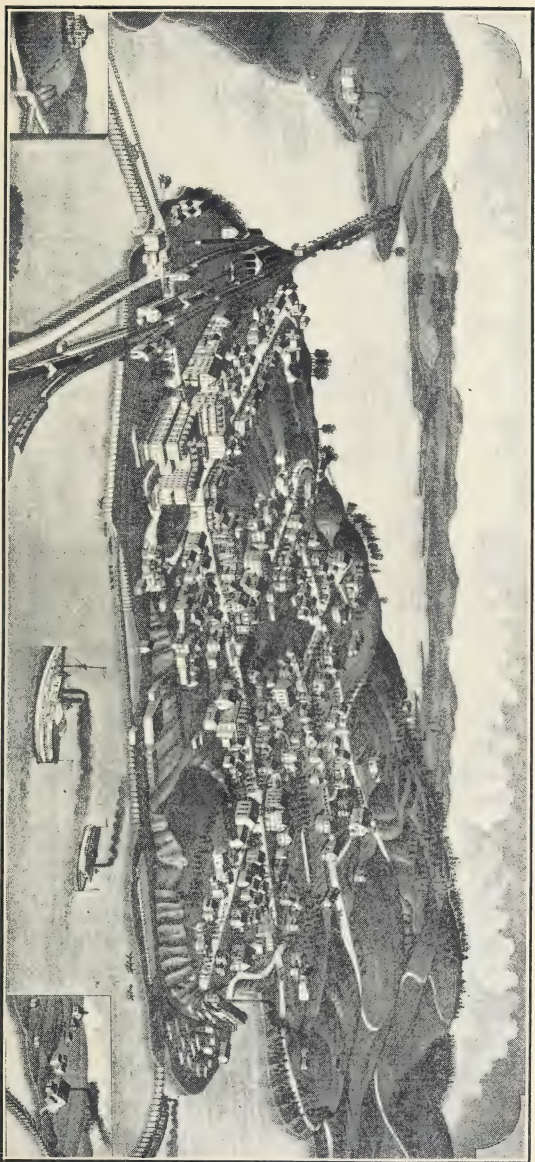


THE first settlement in Newport was in 1793, although the township was not chartered until 1802. Calendar and Deacon Martin Adams came through the forests from St. Johnsbury with their young wives, blazing their trail as far as Barton Landing (Orleans).

Thence down Barton river to the lake. These brothers were soon followed by other settlers, so that in 1800 there were 11 families in town, viz.: John Prouty, Nathaniel Daggett, Abel Parkhurst, Amos Sawyer, Luther Chapin, Jas. C. Adams, Abraham and Nathaniel Horton, Simon Carpenter, Enos Bartlett and Joseph Paige.

At that time there were 60 acres of land cleared, six yoke of oxen in town but no horses. The early settlers obtained much of their food from the forest and lake; while the women spun and wove wool and flax for clothing.

The town was organized and the first town meeting held March 11th, 1800. James C. Adams was chosen moderator; Amos Sawyer, town clerk; Enos Bartlett, Jas. C. Adams and Amos Sawyer, selectmen. First justice of the peace and first representative to the State legislature



Bird's-Eye View of Newport in 1881. Left insert, Capt. Geo. W. Fogé's mansion; right insert, Prouty & Miller's mill
Courtesy E. L. Chaplin



From Sugarloaf Mountain, looking north; Georgeville just across the lake
From drawing of 1860
Courtesy Goodrich Library

was Luther Chapin. The first birth recorded is that of Allen Adams, Dec. 29, 1794; though Orville Daggett is said to have been born here previous to that date. The first recorded marriage is that of Thomas Davenport and Hannah Blanchard.

The first clearing began where Newport Center now is and was made by H. & A. Adams and D. & S. Meacham. They constructed a dam and sawmill, the first in town.

School district No. 1 was organized Nov. 17, 1807. The first schoolhouse was built of hewed timber six inches thick, 32 feet long, 18 inches wide; and the sum appropriated for it was forty dollars, to be paid in labor, boards, shingles, nails, glass, etc. June 1, 1818, the town voted to raise \$15.50, to be paid into the treasury in the following January, for the purpose of building a stone chimney in the schoolhouse of Dist. No. 1. In 1800 the sum of \$5 was voted for the use of schooling. In 1801-2 \$10 was raised for support of a school; so that it is probable there was some sort of a school held before the schoolhouse was built.

The lake afforded the Indians a mode of easy communication between Canada and the Colonies during the French and Indian wars. From the St. Lawrence they would come up the St. Francis and Magog rivers in their canoes, through the lake and up Clyde river to Island Pond. Thence it was only 15 miles through the woods to the Connecticut river, which was almost the only portage on the route. Frequent war parties passed to and fro over this route and very often captives and prisoners were taken to Canada. During the French war Gen. Stark, who was commander of the Vermont forces at the Battle of Bennington, was carried over Lake Memphremagog as

a prisoner of war and afterwards made a map of the country through which he passed.

The town was granted by the State as a township of 23,040 acres, giving to Nathan Fisk and George Duncan, under the name of Duncansboro, all that tract of land. In 1816 a small part of Coventry and Salem were annexed.

In 1820 the point of land on which the City of Newport now is was a dense wilderness of large pine trees, and was purchased by John Sias of Derby for \$250. Eight years later Mr. Sias sold the same to his son-in-law, Geo. W. Smith, for the same price, after nearly all the timber had been cut. Mr. Smith moved onto this land into a log house he had built a few rods east of the present Root block. This location was then known as "The Narrows" and so-called. There were scattered settlements in nearly all the surrounding towns in Orleans County.

Log canoes were used for ferrying people across the lake until 1813 when a charter for a ferry was granted to Jedediah Richardson who lived on Pendar's point and a craft was provided capable of transporting teams. The following year (1814) a regularly chartered ferry was maintained between Whipple Point and Indian Point, and, while several other charters were granted by the Vermont legislature within a few years, this seems to have been one of the most successful and for many years enjoyed a large patronage. There was no other way of getting east or west unless the long detour by Coventry or Magog was used. The former was the crudest of pole bridges near what is now East Coventry and the other was wilderness. Whipple's Point extended much farther into the lake than now and has been worn away by the action of the ice, as told by an old settler.

The merchants in this section obtained a greater part

of their merchandise from Burlington and in order to facilitate trade the more enterprising citizens petitioned the court to lay a highway from Burlington to Derby—the latter town being one of the most thrifty and central places in the county.

THE “NARROWS” AND OTHER BRIDGES

When the road was built it became necessary to bridge the “Narrows,” at the mouth of Clyde river, and the money left over from building the road was used for the bridge which was a log structure and finished in 1832. Then the track of travel began to converge to Newport. The bridge was started from a point near where the present B. & M. passenger station is located and crossed in such a way as would bring it east of the water tank. If in existence today the railroad would cut diagonally across it. It was a poor affair and in 1837 collapsed while a team was crossing it. It was rebuilt in 1838 and used until 1865. A picture of the “Narrows” bridge appears elsewhere in this book.

The East or Long Bridge, between Newport and Derby, was built by both towns in 1863. The piles were driven on the ice in the winter of 1862-3. In 1868 the Newport Aqueduct Co. was chartered. The water was brought from the springs along the western slopes of Pine Hill in the town of Derby. That company secured the right to bring the water to Newport village on the east bridge. A box was built on the outside of the south railing in which the pipe was laid, and protected from freezing by fillings of shavings. The pipes were made of many thicknesses of tarred paper, then but recently patented; they frequently burst from heavy water pressure and proved a failure. Subsequently iron pipes were laid on

the bottom of the bay and the long aqueduct on the bridge was abandoned.

The first bridge across the bay at the mouth of Clyde river was called "Lake Bridge" to distinguish it from all other bridges in town. It was also known as "The Narrows Bridge" because it spanned the narrowest part of the lake. The village that then began to spring up near this bridge was called "Lake Bridge." The late Dr. J. M. Currier, a noted historian of the State, maintained in one of his pamphlets that when Newport was made a city it should be chartered as "The City of Lake Bridge."

The South Trestle Bridge was built by the Conn. & Pass. Rivers Railroad in 1863, which marked the entrance of that railroad within the town limits.

The West Bridge—to accommodate the Missisquoi & Clyde Rivers Railroad Co., commonly called "The Southeastern"—over what is now known as the Prouty & Miller bay, was built in 1872. The piles were driven from the ice, starting February 17; the bridge was finished May 21, 1872.

LAKE BRIDGE IN 1858

ITS STREETS; DWELLINGS; BUSINESS BLOCKS, AND
INHABITANTS; THEN LESS KNOWN AS NEWPORT
BY JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D.

July 16, 1858, I settled in Newport with the view of practicing medicine and surgery and making the place my permanent home. Then there were only 127 inhabitants in the village, in what was a few years later incorporated in the first village charter, from the south end of La Riviere's Bay south over the high neck of land to Black



Top—First railroad station in Newport [Courtesy of Mrs. John Enos]
 Lower left—South side of Newport before Eastern Ave. was opened
 Lower right—The John A. Prouty steam sawmill of the '70's

River. There were only 18 dwelling houses in the entire village including the hotel, two tenements in stores and two log houses. The village was then much more frequently called Lake Bridge than Newport. The name arose from the fact that there were not houses enough to be designated by "village" and in referring to the place the inhabitants spoke of it as the Bridge, and still later, when several more houses were erected in the vicinity it became known and called "Lake Bridge." When I was making arrangements to settle in Newport, I directed my letters to Lake Bridge, Vermont.

At that time there was not a schoolhouse, church, nor any place to hold public meeting except in a dance hall over the horse shed of the Memphremagog House. Even as late as 1860 when I commenced housekeeping I was obliged to go to Derby Center to buy a stove and pipe, and to Barton for furniture.

Main street commenced at the Log Bridge, ran westerly where it does now as far as the Federal building, then turning a little southward under the dwelling of H. S. Root and under the south end of the Aubin block and along up the hill a short distance north of Hon. Chas. A. Prouty's barn; thence westerly through several rods of forest, south of the blacksmith and joiner's shop which stands nearly on the west line of the first village charter. There are today (1912) several houses standing on this branch of the old original road. Near Mr. Prouty's land the Coventry road branched off to the south, from which point the present road follows nearly the original survey. There was only one more street that branched off from Main street. That was the lane between the Memphremagog barn and Gould's store, leading down to the steamboat landing; all the winter travel on the ice went over this lane.

This short street is still open to the public, and is called Lane avenue. Passing down this avenue we reached the old wharf which was built with a frame, having mud sills kept under water by stones; above the water was a heavy plank floor. Hard storms, with ice and north winds would frequently ravage the structure. This was the pier of the old Mountain Maid, where Capt. Fogg used to pour forth his loud fresh-water nautical phrases, with all the pomp and pride of a captain of a salt water iron clad battle ship. When the railroad was built along the north shore of the village the old wharf was covered for the road bed and the steamboat landing was built farther to the east near the station.

West of the old wharf, before the railroad was built, winter travel on the ice passed on and off at this point, via Lane avenue. Near the old wharf was a small building used by Ashley Gould as a storehouse for lime, brought up from the Canadian shores of the lake in barges. A few feet west of the old wharf stood John S. Smith's slaughter house from which all the meat for the villagers and a large portion of the citizens of the surrounding country was procured.

A few years later Mr. Putnam built a lime kiln on the lake shore only a few feet west of Smith's slaughter house. The lime rock could be imported almost duty free, while on the burnt lime there were heavy duties. Some of the remains of the old kiln may be seen to this day (1912). The site is now owned by Henry Burgess.

The next building south of the Smith slaughter house, on Lane avenue, was a small one-story building occupied by Jonathan Moulton, a carpenter and joiner. The building was previously the office of Dr. Thomas Glysson, the

town's first physician, who returned to his native town of Williamstown in 1839.

On the northwest corner of Main street and Lane Ave. stood Ashley Gould's store, in the second story of which lived E. W. Sprague and family; he had a harness shop in a front room on Main street. Peter Porter was learning the trade of Mr. Sprague, afterwards becoming his successor in the harness business. This store was a few years ago moved onto the east side of Coventry street and the building finished off into tenements. The store of Lane & Dwinell stands on the exact site of the old store. In the winter of 1858-9 Joseph W. Coburn of Boston, a former resident in this county, purchased the store and goods of the Gould estate and set up his son, Edward O., in the mercantile business; after several years of unsuccessful trade the entire property went into the hands of Lucius Robinson.

Immediately west of the Gould store Joseph W. Coburn put up the two-story block, the same property now occupied by J. E. Foster as a clothing store. The east store was first occupied by Chas. W. Baldwin as a drug store, the first in Newport; the west store was occupied by → Albert Glines, a merchant tailor; in the second story were two law offices and Dr. Edgar Palmer's dental rooms.

Immediately west of the Coburn block stood the residence of John S. Smith, the village butcher, and the first white child born within the limits of the first village charter; it was a low one-story building, standing exactly on the site of the Gilman block. The descendants of George W. Smith, the first resident of this village, are still represented by several families. After buying this village property for \$250 in 1828 Mr. Smith first lived in a small log house on the site of the present Newport House.

After a vacant space we come to the residence of Ashley Gould, which stood on the vacant lot between the Brady residence and C. M. Flint's block. After the death of Mr. Gould his house was sold to Rev. R. V. Hall and in 1869 it was destroyed by fire. Field's Opera House was afterwards built on this same lot and a few years later also burned. Mr. Gould's house was the last one on the north side of Main street. All lands west on Main street and north of Smith's house was open, stumpy tillage land. On these open fields, circuses, caravans, camp meetings and other affairs were held and exhibited.

The last house north of Main street was down near the shore of the lake. The house was on the south side of Main street after that street was moved down onto the lake shore. It was a log house and stood immediately west of the present residence of the late Charles Brooks. West of this log house and lot was the native forest for many rods. This house was the residence of Godfrey La Riviere. La Riviere's Bay, later used by Prouty & Miller for their booms of logs, took its name from him, as there was not another building on its shores. It was quite steep from La Riviere's house up south onto Main street. Nearly opposite on the south side the road over the hill to Coventry, through Black river valley, branched off southwesterly; in the fork of these two roads stood another small log house in which lived the family of Isaac Brunelle, a Frenchman with a family of eight children; gill-net fishing was about his only occupation.

The next house east of Brunelle's log house, on the south side of Main street, stood the plank house occupied by Asahel Glines and family. This house was moved back a few years ago and forms the ell part of the tenement house on the south end of the same lot on which stands the house

in which Benjamin Hinman now resides. The house west of the Hinman house where Henry S. Root now lives, was not built till 1863. On that lot after I built the house I had five large pine stumps dug out that would have furnished lumber enough if the trees were standing today to pay for the entire land in 1828 on which the village of Newport is built.

The next house east of the plank house was a small one-story building owned and occupied by Geo. C. Merrill. He was a native of Georgeville, was purser on the Mountain Maid and later a clerk in the store of L. Robinson & Co., through whose influence considerable Canadian trade came to the firm. On the site of this small house now stands the Orleans County court house. Mrs. George C. Merrill was Sophia Smith, daughter of George W. Smith.

Immediately east of Geo. Merrill's house was Alfred Randall's new house into which he moved in the summer of 1858. It was built the previous year. Second street was not opened till several years later. All lands south of the Main street lots formed an open field filled with large pine stumps on which land Orville Robinson raised acres of corn, oats, wheat and potatoes. Mr. Randall's house was where the Federal building now is. When Mrs. Adolphus Brown built her new house a few years ago she moved the Randall building onto the west side of Third street fitting it into tenements. It now stands between Burbank's three-flat house and Aubin's block. A few years after Mrs. Brown's new house was built it was moved west to the lot on Main street between the court house and H. S. Root's residence, where Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Hinman resided later. Mrs. Hinman was the daughter of Mrs. A. W. Brown. The Randall lot was sold to the United States on which now stands the marble and brick Federal building.

Next east of Mr. Randall's new house stood his old residence, a one-story building and was soon occupied by Lucius Robinson who sold it shortly after to Reuben Kirk of Troy, Vt. It stood partly over Central street and partly on the lot where the Newland block is now located. It was burned while Mr. Kirk and his son-in-law B. W. Lee resided there.

The next house east of the old Randall residence was the first modern cottage erected in Lake Bridge, one and one-half stories high. It was built and occupied by Chas. Robinson, the first lawyer located in the town. It was burned about 1874. It stood on the lot where the Bean block now stands.

Benjamin Morse lived in the house next east of Chas. Robinson's residence. It was an unfinished building and stood on the present Exchange block site. Mr. Morse was a wheelwright and had a small shop on the same lot. He exchanged this village property with Lucius Robinson for the Whipple farm at the "Old Ferry," later owned by Zed Bowley. Morse's shop was moved south to give place for Benoni E. Shaw's jewelry store, the first one in town. Edgar Palmer, the first local dentist, also had his office in the same building. In a short time he married Jane, a daughter of Roswell Prouty who built the house and office for his new son-in-law, where Dr. B. D. Longe now lives.

The next building east of the Morse residence was L. D. Field's blacksmith shop, one story high. It stood on the Lawrence block lot, occupied by Geo. Macdiarmid & Co. as a grocery store. About 1860 this lot was sold to Capt. Geo. W. Fogg and the shop was moved to the west side of Coventry street, on the south end of his lot, where it stands today and is occupied by Mr. Fairbrother.

The next building east of L. D. Fields' shop was his

barn, standing entirely across Coventry street as it entered Main street. The former street was opened in the autumn of 1858 as far as the granite shed.

Mr. Field's house was the next building east of his barn, on Main street at the present location of the Root block. It was a one-story building and was sold to Hon. Wm. Moon in 1859 or 1860 soon after it was remodeled. After Mr. Moon's death it was sold to Amos Barnes and moved onto Field avenue near the lime kiln and raised one story. It was later owned by Henry Revoir and Charles Duffey. After it was changed to a two-story building in 1870 Geo. C. Gilman, founder of the Gilman store, resided there, and his daughter Lillian—Mrs. Harry F. Hamilton—was born there.

Immediately east of the Field house stood the store of Lane, Robinson & Baker, formerly the old Union Store, exactly on the site of the present Newport House. In the winter of 1858 and 1859 Hiram B. Lane sold out his interest to Charles Clough, the name of the firm then became Baker, Robinson & Clough. Mr. Lane retiring from the mercantile business went onto his father's farm. My first office was in the second story of this building. Mr. A. D. Bates' first law office was there. The postoffice and customs office were also in this building. In 1859 the firm commenced to remodel the old store. The west wing was cut off and moved westerly into the suburbs of the village and made into a dwelling house where Dea. T. B. Pratt lived several years, on the exact site of the present parsonage of the Congregational church which was built by C. F. Ranney; the old west wing taking another ride westerly down on the shore of La Riviere's Bay, where it now (1912) stands, owned by Henry Revoir. The south half of the old union store was moved to the east side of Coventry

street and made into a dwelling house, where Mr. M. G. Sargent resided several years; a few years thereafter it was burned. The north half of the union store was moved south on the same lot and formed the back store of the new building on the same site. When the Newport House was erected the old back store was taken down and the new two-story building was moved back, two more stories added, the lower floor forming the present kitchen of the hotel.

Nearly on the same site of the old union store was erected the first building in the village, between 1820 and 1826. In this log house John S. Smith was born. It was demolished when the first store was erected.

The next building east of the old union store in 1858 was the one-story residence of Orville Robinson. This house stood on the same site where now stands the large three-story block of the Stewart estate; the first story of which being occupied principally by W. J. Avery as a clothing store, and the basement by R. Hurst as a restaurant. The original Robinson house, soon after the first railroad reached Newport, was moved south and forms the ell part of the three-story front. Orville Robinson was one of the firm of Lane, Robinson & Baker in 1858 and continued in the firm after Mr. Clough bought out Mr. Lane.

The next building east of Mr. Robinson's residence was one story high, standing midway between the Robinson house and the south end of the old log bridge. It was built for Rev. Moses Robinson, brother of Orville, who preached several years in the Union church which stood about three miles down the lake on the west side. A room was fitted-up in the attic of this house for a private school. In 1858 this house was occupied by C. C. Huntley and

family while he was building himself a house on the east side of Coventry street, the same that was later owned and occupied by Felix Taylor.

At the abutment of the old log bridge on the east side of the road, stood the lime house of Lane, Robinson & Baker, near enough to the lake so that lime could be unloaded directly from barges into it. This lime house stood just west of the present passenger station.

In 1858 Mr. Snow, a shoemaker, was living in the house now owned by Edward Ryan. It had been built previously on the west side of what was going to be opened as Coventry street. It will be noticed that it stands a little angling to the street. At the time of building this house it was designed to have Coventry street enter Main street where the Exchange block now stands (in 1925 the Nat'l Bank's new site), but no satisfactory arrangements could be made with Benj. Morse for the land. Later it was decided to have Coventry street enter Main street as it does now, thus causing said Snow domicile to stand out of line with the street.

The next house on the west side of Coventry street was a single story dwelling built by Samuel W. Parker in 1858, who moved into it the next year. The house is the one now owned and occupied by Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Newland (the latter being the daughter of S. W. Parker). It has been added to and remodeled into a three-story stately mansion. (While A. M. Bowen was landlord of the Newport House he gained possession of this Newland house and used it as an annex to the hotel. After the hotel was sold to F. L. Hall in 1925 Mr. Bowen has been running the annex under the title of The Corona Apartments. In mentioning Mr. Hall's acquiring ownership of the Newport House we are constrained to mention

the extended improvement that he has made in the hotel both inside and out. This popular hostelry is being appreciated more and more by the traveling public and Newport's citizens may justly take pride in the fact that their city is the home of "The Newport."—W.B.B.)

In 1858 Hiram B. Lane built a one-story house on the east side of Coventry street. The work was all done in six weeks from the day that he took the hewers of the timber into the woods to prepare the frame and it was all ready to move into. The same house is now (1912) owned and occupied by Thomas C. Gale.

WHAT HAS THE CENTURY DONE FOR NEWPORT?

A city has sprung up from the wilderness—small numerically, as cities average (upwards of 5000) yet quality rather than quantity is the goal set before the civil board and Chamber of Commerce.

Important in the annals of modern Newport was the corporate act of taking over that part of the Town of Derby known as the Village of West Derby. Really the making of Newport into a city hinged on that very act, which was amicably transacted by able representatives from each town giving the new city an area of at least 9 square miles. Newport's first annual city meeting was held March 5, 1918. The personnel of the first city government was as follows: Mayor, Hon. C. S. Emery; Clerk and Treasurer, R. W. Spear; Aldermen: W. R. Prouty, Jas. T. Gardner, H. A. Black, E. W. Savage; Overseer of Poor, L. F. Kay; Constable, O. A. Swett; School Trustees: M. C. Avery, E. J. Smith, E. Mabel Root; Listers: G. F. Root, C. A. Brown, L. F. Kay; Auditors: P. O. Miller, C. J. Harrison, J. R. Akin; Grand Jurors: W. H. Cleary, E. J. Smith, E. H.



Newport's Main Street when the Lane block was new
 Photo by H. Green



Newport's Main Street, in 1918, cement paved
 Photo by E. L. Chaplin



Village of Newport from Prospect Hill, in the Sixties
Courtesy Mrs. F. P. Davis

Mills; Fire Wardens: H. H. Green, W. J. Harrison, E. M. Hunt; City Attorney, A. H. Grout; Supt. Streets and Water Dept., Wm. W. Lawson; Chief of Police, Timothy Hinman.

For public institutions and buildings Newport City now has seven churches and a convent, four modern school buildings, hospital, public library, two banks; a Federal building containing U. S. customs, postoffice, Federal court and Farm Bureau; County court house, State armory and City offices; three hotels, several restaurants and inns, theatre, U.S. immigration station. Industries include: Largest veneer manufactory in the world; extensive lumber company with several branch mills in other towns; two house-finishing mills, bobbin mills, tap and die machine works, overall and garment factory, farm-stock remedy laboratory; C. P. R. flour warehouses from which all New England deliveries are made; two creameries; four printing offices; three newspapers.

Newport is a prominent railroad junction. An event that will pass into local history as an important epoch is the lease of the Sherbrooke-to-Wells River section of the Boston & Main Railroad by the Canadian & Pacific, having taken effect June 1st, with the Quebec Central road operating between Newport and Sherbrooke.

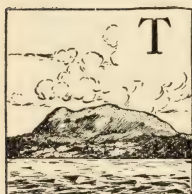
Newport has a fine country club and golf course; an unexcelled cement-paved Main street; some of the finest stores in the State of Vermont; good water and sewage systems and electric lighting plant.

The business and professional places, as well as the clubs, social and fraternal organizations, are sufficient in number and quality to give a decided metropolitan aspect to the city. The residential section is the admiration of all visitors.

OTHER MEMPHREMAGOG SETTLEMENTS

*Which Have Not Grown as Much as the Inlet and Outlet
Burghs, Yet Are Equal In Historic Significance*

PERKINS' LANDING



THE following is the gist of an interesting letter from Mr. W. C. Perkins: "I was greatly pleased to receive your letter telling that you were working on a history of Lake Memphremagog and you may be sure—being the owner of the location of the first settlement made by a white man on the shores of the lake, and because of my love for the lake and the interest I have had from boyhood in its history and traditions—I shall be only too glad to assist you in any way I may, for it is not often that a property remains in the hands of one family for four generations—I might say for six generations, counting my son and grandson—as has this which I now own.

The Brome County Historical Society records, Vol. 1, reports: 'About this time (1792) Nicholas Austin made a break in the forest on the shores of Lake Memphremagog, on land now owned by Mr. D. G. Perkins (my father), but this he abandoned for land in Bolton at what has been called Austin's Bay (now owned by Eric Fisher, Esq.) The date, 1785, which appears on the Bolton monumental stone, has been called in question,

as it is believed that Austin did not really effect a settlement at this point until later. It is however declared that he made at this time his first foot journey to Quebec and erected a lodge or hut at this place for his convenience when traveling through the wilderness. It is certain that he brought his family to Canada in the winter of 1793."

The tradition handed down to me from my great grandfather Samuel Perkins agrees with this record as given, viz.: That Austin, who with his associates was granted the township of Bolton and believing this location was in Bolton, landed where the government wharf of Perkins Landing now is and, going a short distance back into the woods where there was a good spring, built a log house and in the winter of 1792-1793 cleared several acres of trees. In the spring of 1793 he found he had not located in the township of Bolton and moved north to his own land at Austin's Bay.

That same summer of 1793 my great grandfather came here and went into the log house erected by Austin. Here he and his son Cyrus lived and my father David was born in 1827. Samuel, Cyrus and David all lived and died on this farm, my father in 1919 at the age of 92 (I have erected a stone pagoda on the spot). My great grandfather in coming here blazed the first trail from Mansonville and the government road now being built is located upon it. About 1840 my grandfather built a sawmill on the brook (then a small river) which empties into the lake at the Landing. Some 25 years later the late Capt. Geo. W. Fogg built a saw mill further up the brook, also built a small landing for the Mountain Maid. When the Lady of the Lake began running a larger wharf was made and maintained by the people in this locality until the Canadian government built and have since kept in repair the present wharf.

The earliest summer visitor was the late Bishop W. W. Niles of Concord, N. H., who, with his family and often with friends, spent the summers for more than fifty years with his sister the late Mrs. David Perkins and after her death, with her son W. C. Perkins. Their advertisement of the beauties of the place soon began to attract others; such was the beginning of the present large summer colony, there being here now 35 privately owned cottages and several boarding places, besides a fine boys' camp. A list of these cottage owners, with their addresses will be found under the head of "Camp Life."

With the improved roads and steamer connections, Montreal, New England and New York are very accessible. From Perkins' wharf and the cottages of "Owl's Head Shore" the easiest ascent of Owl's Head can be made, while the drives through the Bolton and Sutton mountains are unsurpassed.

Vale Perkins is a hamlet of six or eight houses, a store, postoffice, telephone station and repair shop.

Upton Court is a summer boarding house with accommodations for 35 boarders; Mrs. G. A. Perkins, proprietor.

Possibly I should have stated that during the Canadian Rebellion my grandfather, Major Cyrus Perkins, had a troupe of English soldiers in his command quartered here for awhile."



KNOWLTON LANDING

Pioneer Ferrying Terminal from Copp's Ferry—Popular Summer Resort, with Mr. J. F. Tuck a Genial Landlord

Around Gibraltar Point an arm of the lake extends west a half mile to what was Knowlton Landing up to 1862. During that year Mr. John F. Tuck of Georgeville settled there. A few years later he was appointed postmaster. The government, considering the present name too identical with the Knowlton postoffice, changed it to Tuck's Landing. However, a later change of government caused the old name to be retained and it is again known as Knowlton Landing. Mr. Tuck has conducted for many years one of the most popular summer-resort places about the lake. Mr. J. F. Tuck was born in the old Channel "Camperdown" hotel at Georgeville in April, 1835, and is still hale and hearty. Mr. Tuck is the only one of the old residents of Georgeville now living about the lake.

Knowlton Landing was a much-used ferrying point from the earliest pioneer days. Every ferryboat, from the Moses Copp scow of 1793 to the iron steamer Lady of the Lake and its present successor, the Anthemis, has made regular trips between Knowlton Landing and Georgeville every day throughout the summers.

Following the shore a half mile from Knowlton Landing towards the southeast leads one to a beautiful sheltered bay bordering a farm owned in 1870 by Increase Bullock.

Flowing from the rocks of Bolton mountain down through the farm was a sizeable brook which emptied into this bay. In prospecting along this stream Mr. Bullock found some deposits of manganese. This is quite a valuable mineral and is used as alloy in gunmaking, etc.

SARGENT'S BAY

Extending northwest from Knowlton Landing this "arm of the lake" continues nearly two miles further, forming what is known as Sargent's Bay.

When the railroad was built from Montreal to Waterloo a man by the name of A. Sargent, thinking that the railroad would be built through to the head of this bay, built a large house to serve as a hotel; but the railroad was not built. Since then the Bay has always gone by the name of Sargent's Bay.

At one time Mr. Alfred M. Bullock had a store at what was called "Head of the Bay." On the east side of the bay Mr. A. Clarence Lyman of Montreal, and his son Sidney, each has a summer home. At the entrance of the bay Mrs. Roswell C. Fisher of Montreal has her nice summer home. Near her Mr. Eric Fisher has a large farm stocked with Guernsey cattle, called Roswell Farm. Oh the west side of the bay Mr. Charles R. Ball has a fine boarding house.

FITCH BAY

A strait of about one-half mile in length, called "The Narrows," connects Long Bay with Fitch Bay. This latter bay has an average width of three-fourths of a mile and extends two miles northeasterly. This bay derived its name from Col George Fitch, an Englishman of some note, who was among the early explorers of the township.

The following anecdote is related of Col. Fitch in which he "met his match." He was a genial, pleasant companion and a lover of fun and jokes. At the time the surveyors were engaged in running the concession lines east of Long Bay he proposed to Joseph Kilborn a trial of the extent of their eyesight for a wager of some five gallons of rum for the party. The challenge was accepted and the compass set and sighted. Col. Fitch made the first trial and pointed out a large tree as being the farthest object he could discern. When Mr. Kilborn made his trial he admitted he could see no farther than the tree in question, but insisted that an accurate measurement of the length of their noses (his was a very long one) and the distance of their eyes from the compass and the result was that Mr. Kilborn won the wager by more than half an inch. The first male child born in Stanstead was named after Col. Fitch—George Fitch Copp.

GIBRALTAR POINT

Upon hearing the name applied to that highest of promontories about our lake, one's thoughts naturally revert to the historic Gibraltar of Spain. Without doubt it is the most sightly point on the lake, always excepting the panoramic scene from the top of Owl's Head.

About 1873 Messrs. Desmarteau, Crevier and Lamoureaux, Montreal capitalists, built a five-story building on this point. It was French-roof style, with a metal-covered cupalo that was glitteringly attractive when the sun shone. This building was intended for a summer hotel, but was never completed inside. The public never knew the real cause for the collapse of this enterprise. Eventually the structure was taken down and parts that could be used were shipped to Montreal for use in some other building.

The above firm also built the furniture factory at Furness' Mills and the street of cottages leading to Austin's Bay.

This locality is made particularly prominent as having been the final home of the first white settler about the lake—Nicholas Austin—as detailed elsewhere in this book.

FURNESS MILLS

One mile north along the east shore from Gibraltar Point is found a bay in which lie scattering stumps that were spiles for a wharf back in 1875-6. Leading from the

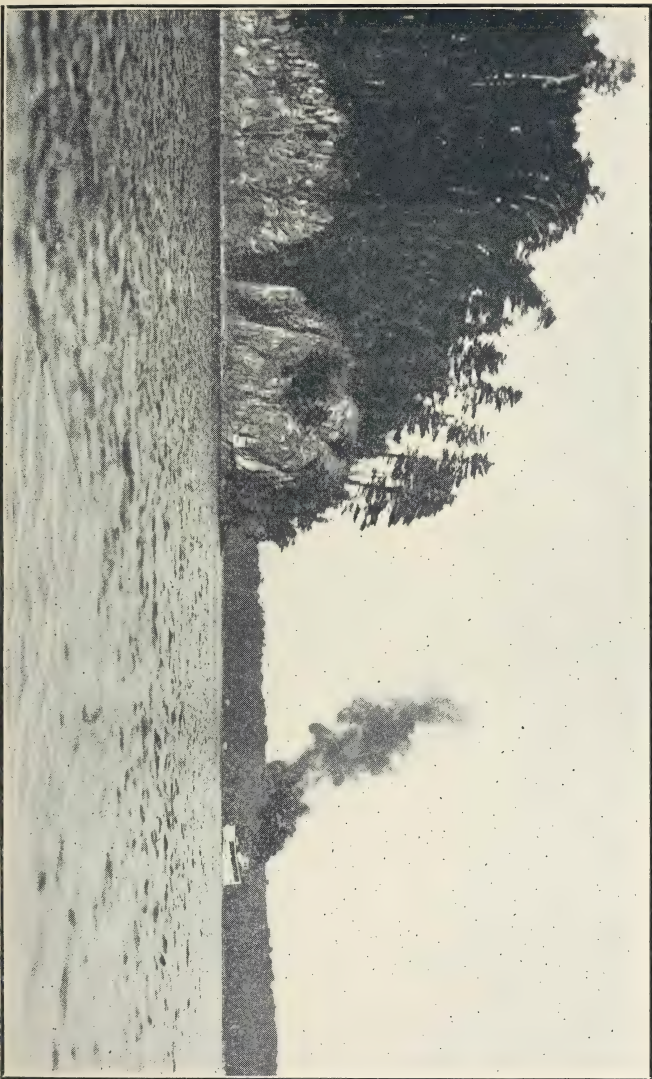


Photo by Richardson

Gibraltar Point, with steamer "Anthemis" passing



Boulder Marking First Settlement of Nicholas Austin at Gibraltar Point
Photo by Miss Murilla Bullock

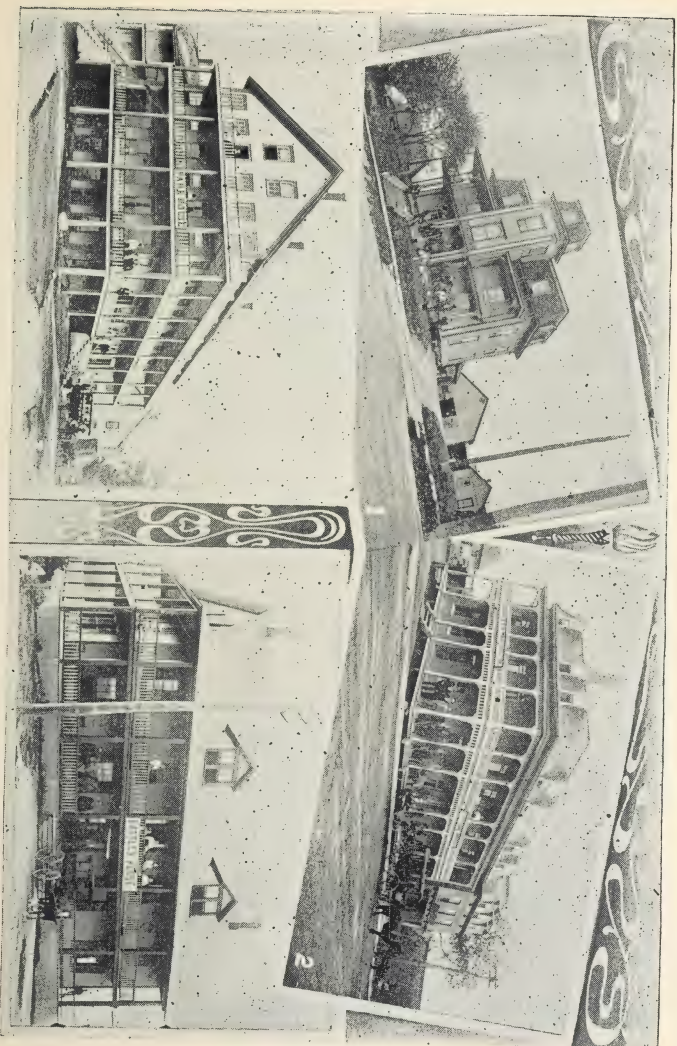
shore straight up a gradual slope is a weed-strewn path; upon each side at frequent intervals are crumbling sills and dilapidated stone-wall foundations. Fifty years ago this was the site of Furness' Mills, a small but thrifty French-Canadian village, made so by a large furniture factory. I have one of their chairs now; what is left of six that my father and I brought over in a skiff to our farm home and gladdened the heart of my mother.

There were but two real streets, though quite long. Branching off south at right angles was a thoroughfare extending nearly one mile to Austin's Bay; along this trail a good many cottages were built, all the same pattern and painted alike. It was some of these cottages at the south end of the street that were razed by the waterspout that passed over here in 1875, related elsewhere in this book.



OF THE MEMPHREMAGOG REGION
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, THE
NEW ENGLAND POET, WROTE:

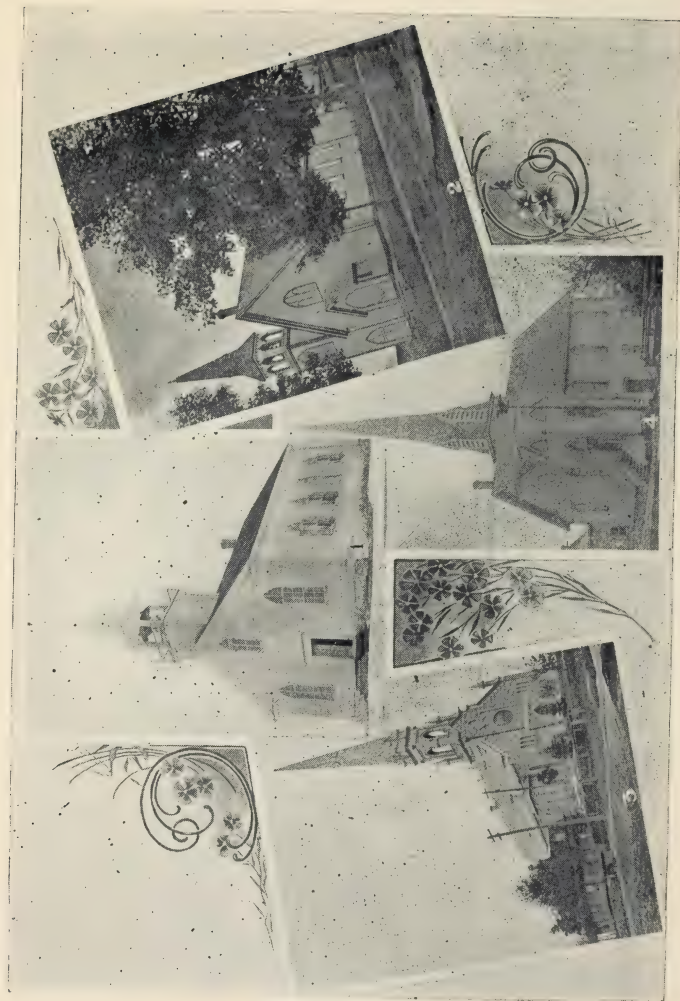
“Nature wears her bridal robes,
softly coloured, fragrant and bright,
and we come back to it year after
year loving it the more and deriving
from it the solace that empowers us
for renewed toil at the treadmill of
city life.”



Magog's Hotels

- 1 Fairview Hotel, now the Union House
- 2 Central Hotel (old picture)
- 3 The famous Park House
- 4 Bartles House (old picture)

Courtesy Maj. Styran



Magog's Churches

- 1 Union Ch. (Advent)
- 2 St. Luke's (Anglican)
- 3 St. Patrick's (Catholic)
- 4 St. Paul's (Methodist)

DIVISION I—PART II

An Era of Development in the
Township of Magog

PIONEER AND MODERN MAGOG

By Maj. Chas. Styan, Editor Magog Enterprise



*Village First Called "The Outlet"—
Nicholas Austin's Corn Mill—
Oliver's Corner—The Hermitage
Country Club.*

IN 1855 when municipal law came into force the township of Magog was formed from portions of Hatley and Bolton. Its early history will of course be intimately connected with theirs. The earliest recorded settler within the bounds of Magog Township, and close by the lake outlet, was Capt. Ebenezer Hovey, one of the agents of the associates of Hatley, who, with his family, became the first pioneer of Magog Township. It was at this time that Nicholas Austin of the Bolton associates built a grist mill on the "Outlet" now the Magog river. There was at this time an old Indian dam built in the river, presumably to afford assistance in the capture of fish.

In 1798 Ralph Merry, a native of Lynn, Mass., purchased the mill and considerable land along the river and lake and on March 20th came in from St. Johnsbury, Vt.,

with his family and thus became the first permanent settler of whom we have any account.

During the first quarter of the 18th century many families came in from various parts of the New England States, many of whom were United Empire Loyalists and wishing to remain under the British flag. Among these early settlers were Leonard, Joseph and Joel Ives, Amasa Merriman, A. Abbott, Isaac Rexford, David Chamberlain and others. They came via Missisquoi Bay and were seven days getting through the woods from Frelighsburg to Memphremagog. The snow was deep and the women and children suffered much from cold and fatigue. When about half through the forest they had eaten all their bread; but they succeeded in finding a ledge of rocks on which a makeshift oven was arranged; there they baked a sufficient supply of the staff of life for the remainder of their journey. Beds were fitted up on sleds for the women and children, while the men camped upon hemlock boughs upon the snow. As they were unable to carry sufficient fodder for their beasts of burden, the latter were allowed to browse for the balance of their sustenance. Their route the greater part of the way was through a trackless forest, having to cut and break their road. After reading of such hardships and the fortitude with which our forefathers bore them, our appreciation of the civilization that has sprung from such beginnings should be doubled.

The chief industry with the settlers was the making of pearl and potash, as has been mentioned in the Georgeville settlement article.

About 1818 the first school was taught by Ralph Merry, Jr., and in 1824 the first little red schoolhouse was built.

The first store and postoffice was established by John

Wetherbee in 1820 on the bank of the river near the north end of the present bridge. The first mail passed from Stanstead to Montreal on horseback, May 2, 1823. About this time several industries started operating, including a saw mill, carding mill, a forge and tannery.

In August of 1855 the first council meeting was held; Samuel Hoyt, Jr., being mayor and Dr. G. O. Somers secretary-treasurer. The population of the Outlet was about 200 souls.

In 1888 the name Outlet was changed to Magog and was set off as a separate municipality; A. H. Moore being the first mayor, L. A. Audet secretary-treasurer, of their budding town and which received its charter as a town in 1890.

In 1877-78 the Waterloo & Magog Railroad was built, and having been purchased by the Canadian Pacific it was completed and operated by the latter in 1888.

1882 was a great year in Magog's history, when the textile mills for the manufacture of print and cotton goods were built. From this time the steady development of this progressive town of today can be dated. In 1889 the mills were transferred to the Dominion Cotton Mills Co., which later became Dominion Textile Company, by whom they are successfully operated. In 1886 they employed about 800 hands. At present (1926) they have about 1300 names on their payroll.

In 1889 the population of Magog was 3300 and it is in daily communication with Newport in the summer by steamboat; on the main line of the C. P. R.; had four churches. In March, 1895, a branch of the Eastern Townships Bank was opened, also a weekly newspaper called The Magog Enterprise was first published by J. R. Wilcox who proved to be a valuable citizen and later mayor of the town.

A supply of water for domestic purposes had been supplied by a private company since 1891 and in 1897 the town corporation inaugurated an excellent electric lighting system, later building a pumping station and purchasing a Waterous fire engine and apparatus which were suitably housed in public buildings.

In 1900 we record the following prominent citizens and their offices: W. W. Chalmers, mayor; G. E. Manson, B. E. Goyette, E. H. Guilbert, A. M. Dupins, A. D. Martin, N. C. Gendron, councillors; L. A. Audet, secretary-treasurer; E. D. Smith, postmaster; Rev. C. E. Millette, R. C. minister; Rev. R. W. E. Wright, C. of E. minister; Rev. R. Corrigan, Methodist minister. Board of trade: A. H. Moore, M. P., president; A. G. H. Beique, M. D., vice-pres.; J. R. Wilcox, sec.; A. H. Garneau, treas.

NICHOLAS AUSTIN INSTALLS FIRST MILL

THIS SKETCH IS A SIGNED RECORD BY THE LATE MR. HARVEY AUSTIN
OF BOLTON, A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF NICHOLAS

There were no roads in those settlement days and it was impossible for the pioneers to bring horses or machinery with them, the nearest settlement being at Missisquoi nearly forty miles from what is now the City of Newport. After deliberately exploring the many attractive locations Mr. Austin selected one of the most beautiful places on the lake for his future home, since known as Austin's Bay, and immediately began clearing the land for the Austin homestead, with an axe as an implement and a flint-lock gun for protection from wild animals such as

panthers, moose, bears and wolves, which abounded in vast numbers, as well as smaller fur-bearing animals which are of great value at the present time.

Then came the food problem which was not an easy one to solve. The silver waters of Lake Memphremagog furnished an abundance of fish, such as lunge weighing up to 30 pounds; but even fish was a flat diet without salt and to procure this commodity many trips were made by the pioneers to the settlement at Missisquoi Bay, a distance of forty miles, each bringing home a bag of salt on his shoulder. It was not a big bag, but just enough so that with various other necessities they could trudge this forty miles along a rough broken trail.

Their staff of life was made from corn into a sort of bread by pounding the corn in a large mortar, an excavation made in the top of a large tree stump. This was used for many years, until Mr. Austin on one of his journeys to Quebec procured a small iron mill, similar to a coffee mill, which he packed on his back and walked home, a journey which took many weary days and lonely nights in the woods.

This mill was installed in a small brook near his home. The continual revolving of this little mill by water power furnished the settlement with meal for their bread until 1796, when Mr. Austin built the first gristmill on the Magog river, some eight miles down the lake. This river was then called The Outlet and was also part of the original Austin grant. This mill was called the Austin mill, and, with the exception of an old Indian fish dam, was the first establishment of any industry at the spot now called Magog.

Nicholas Austin made seven trips to Quebec city during the early days, it being the only place at that time

where business of a legal nature could be done. These trips were made principally by compass.

This sturdy old pioneer of the Township of Bolton passed to his rest after a long and eventful life; his remains being interred in the place of his choice—on Gibraltar Point.

The Knowlton museum is now in possession of the little iron mill, which is a highly-prized relic of the old pioneer days.

THE OUTLET (NOW THE TOWN OF MAGOG)

Although Nicholas Austin did not make a permanent settlement at the Outlet (Magog) yet the erection of his mill probably influenced in no small way the settlement of the town site. Records show that land near the Outlet of the Lake was purchased from Austin.

Practically all the oldest settlers of the Outlet were United Empire Loyalists, who came across the border in order that they might retain the privileges of the flag they held dear. Among these was Mr. Ralph Merry, who built a log cabin just in front of the present Merry home, near the junction of Main and Merry streets.

OLIVER'S CORNER

Oliver's Corner, so called after the first settlers in that locality, lies midway between Magog and Georgeville. Capt. W. W. Oliver was one of the pioneers in that section and in the early days was the shoemaker of the neighborhood as well as a successful farmer. Later on his two sons, Edward and George, took up adjoining farms

at the junction of the Georgeville and Stanstead roads and thus the Corner derived its name.

Of the exact date of the first settlement at that place there is no record, but it is presumed to have been towards the end of the eighteenth century, as a well preserved gravestone now (1926) stands on the George Oliver farm, bearing the date of 1801 and marking the last resting place of Francis Peasley. This farm is now owned by R. R. Merrill.

Wallace, the third son of Captain Oliver, remained on the old homestead and became a well-to-do farmer and business man, and was several times mayor of the township and warden of Stanstead county. Mrs. R. R. Merrill, a daughter of Geo. Oliver, still resides on the old homestead.

The land along the lake from Oliver's Corner to Magog was settled by Remicks, Abbotts, Turner, Call, Smith, Donahue, Chamberlain and Donigan. The last named, Patrick Donigan—who was great grandfather to the present generation of Donigans now residing in Magog and different portions of the United States—was the first Irish emigrant to settle in this vicinity and used to relate an amusing incident of the neighbors calling on him to see what an Irishman looked like.

THE HERMITAGE COUNTRY CLUB

About the year 1850 the late Judge Drummond of Montreal, having realized the magic charm of Memphremagog and the sublime surrounding scenery, purchased what is now known as Drummond Point and the farm

adjoining for use as a summer resort. He also induced Major Johnson, a retired English army officer who had been sent out to Quebec city as harbor master, to locate on the lake border upon what is now "The Hermitage Country Club's property, comprising about 180 acres, situated on the east side of the lake about three miles from Magog. The property is ideally situated for its purpose and contains a finished golf course of nine holes, comprising about 3500 yards, which forms the central basis of the Club's activities, and is one of the most beautiful courses in Eastern Canada, with glorious views of lake and mountains that are unexcelled.

In the course of its fifteen years growth from a gentleman's private estate, at which point in its history the property was purchased, it has gradually become one of the most attractive country clubs in Canada and annually draws visitors from all parts of this continent. It has an active membership of over 100, mostly Montrealers, who are permitted to extend to visiting friends club privileges for limited periods.

Twenty of its members have built charming summer cottages, mostly on the lake front, which extends for over two miles in length, their families forming the base of the social activities which the golf, tennis and boating supply, as well as the commodious clubhouse itself which was doubled in capacity three years ago and is now kept open the year around.

The present officers are: H. L. Perchard, Esq., President; James G. Dodd, Esq., Vice-President; A. W. Gilmour, Esq., Secretary-Treasurer. These gentlemen are surrounded by competent committees drawn from the membership, who devote a large part of their time to the maintenance of the Club property, and the various forms

of social activities that make up a very delightful form of life for the leisure hours of the membership at large.

SUMMER RESORTS INCREASING

The entire shore line between Georgeville and Magog a distance of ten miles, is rapidly becoming summer resorts for Montreal, Sherbrooke, New York, Boston, New Jersey and Connecticut families, and few vacant lots for building at desirable places can be found.

THE GEORGEVILLE ROAD

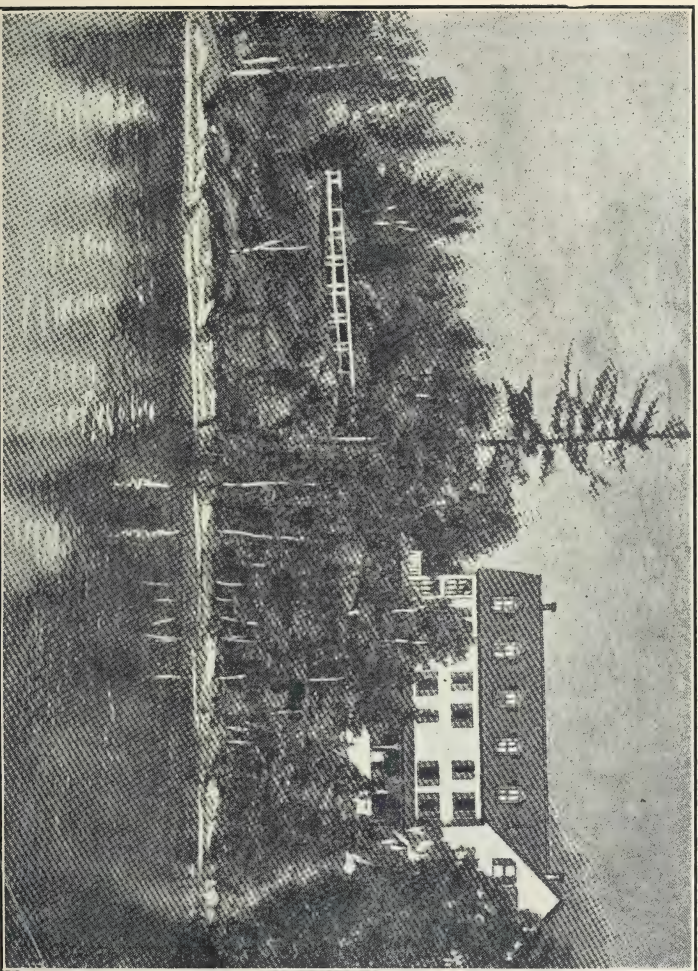
Of all the descendants of the old settlers on the Georgeville Road now living we know of but two—Mrs. R. R. Merrill, daughter of the late George Oliver, and Mrs. Douglas Wells, granddaughter of the late Joseph Abbott.

THE GEORGEVILLE ROAD

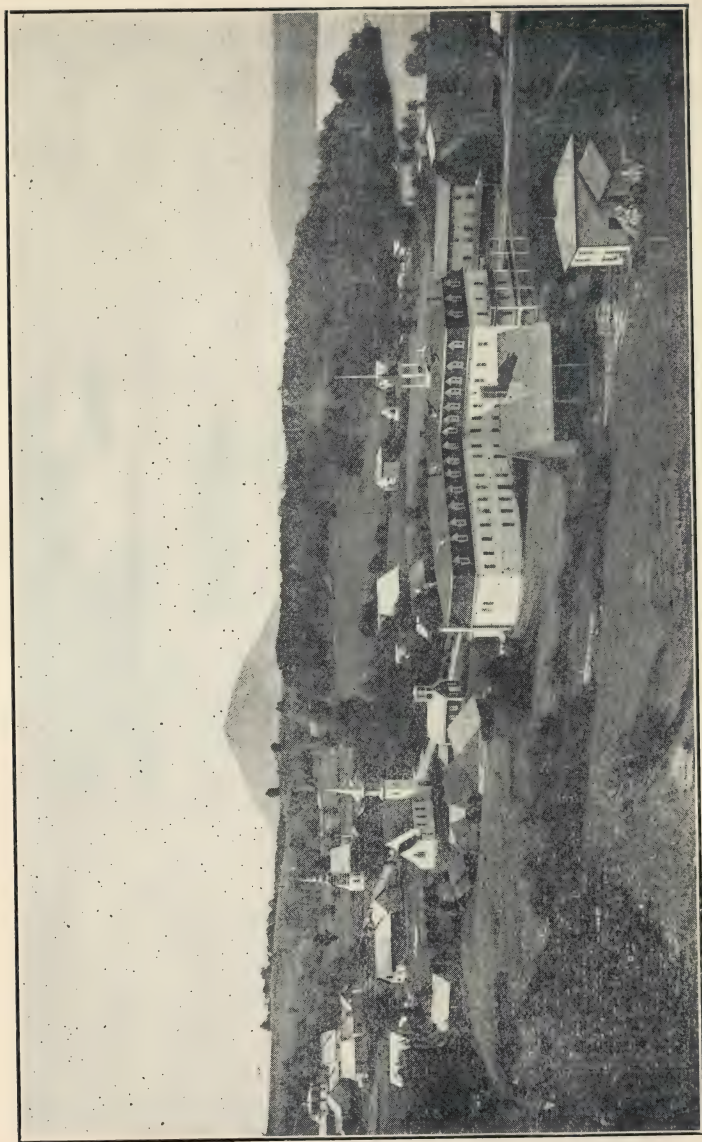
My life began beside that Road
On a day in warm July.
Ever since I have my abode
With that Road in reach o' my eye.

Walking there now at close of day
Where the scenery is ever new,
Mountains, lake and Hermitage bay
And sunsets sublime to view.

I'll love it, too, so long's I live,
'Tis a little world to me.
Fond recollections each step does give;
I know each stone, bush and tree.



Owl's Head Mountain House. From a view taken in 1890 when C. D. Watkins was landlord



Georgeville in 1885, showing the new Camperdown Hotel just before the fire

Long ago our ancestors settled there,
In the woods beside the lake,
In huts of logs, no room to spare,
They strove a home to make.

By day they toiled to clear the land
That they might sow and reap.
At night wolves came—O such a band,
They almost banished sleep!

They followed a trail through the woods,
Montreal was their nearest mart
For produce and supply of food.
They travelled by oxen and cart.

The roads then were not for speeding,
Winding through valley, o'er hill;
With hungry wild beasts a meal needing,
Watchful always to kill.

There were Donahues, Chamberlains, Turner
Donigans, Rexfords, Wallace and Call,
Johnson, Abbotts, Remicks and Oliver;
Neighbors—yes—one and all.

Though years have wrought great changes
And many have passed away
Who settled these lots and ranges—
It seems but yesterday.

It hardly seems to us today—
Who know this charming beauty spot
And all it means to us—that one can say
'Twas e'er too dearly bought.

—J. O. Donigan, in *Magog Enterprise*.



ORLEANS COUNTY IN 1824

From Vermont Gazetteer (owned by B. E. Bowley of Newport) Published in Montpelier, 1824, by Zadock Thompson. E.P. Walton, printer. The first of the Vermont Registers.

“Orleans county lies in the northern part of the State and about half way between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain. It was incorporated Nov. 5, 1792, and Irasburgh, situated near its centre, is the seat of justice. The Supreme Court sits here on the fourth Tuesday of September and the County Court on the last Monday of February and second Monday of September.

The first settlement was commenced in this county in 1787, in the southwestern part, on the river Lamoille, by John McDaniel, Esq. It is still thinly settled; but will in process of time, doubtless, be one of the first counties in the State.

The rocks in the western part are principally mica and chlorite slate. A range of argillite passes through the central part. A range of serpentine extends along the Messisque river (‘Missisquoi’ is spelled in the old histories, Missisco, Missiskoui and Missisque) and is accompanied by asbestos, amianthus, magnetic iron, etc.

The grand list of the county for 1823 was \$60,291. Population in 1820, 6819.”

DIVISION II

Legends in Prose and Poetry

THE LEGEND OF BALANCE ROCK

Tragic Separation of an Indian Chief and his Betrothed



AFTER the lapse of many years spent in the strain and turmoil of city business life, I found at last an opportunity to revisit for a brief space the lake upon whose bosom I had passed many days of my childhood.

A rude camp was soon constructed, a supply of provisions laid in, a couch of pine boughs collected, and with an arrangement for a fire I was ready to gratify my impatience for a sail upon beautiful Lake Memphremagog once more. With

a silent paddle I propelled my boat over the quiet water to a small bay, a favorite resort of my youth, and there allowed my craft to float at will, while reminiscences of early days came thronging to my mind.

An August sun had set in imperial state behind Bolton Mountain. The summer twilight was stealing over the darkening landscape, wooing Nature to her rest. The south wind that had troubled the surface of the lake throughout the day had given place to a perfect calm as night drew on. The objects upon the western shore

gradually disappeared. The mountains became a pall of darkness. A crescent moon hung low over Elephantis shedding a pale arrow of light across the water. The afterglow in the west cast a weird effect over the scene. From the slumberous woods the sleepy call of belated birds came at intervals as they sought their nests.

The points frowned at the black liquid at their feet and tiny ripples chased along the beach in softest cadence at times; then lapsed into silence. From out of the gloom that hung upon the distant water there came faint, mysterious sounds, like the whispering of brooding spirits. Light zephyrs stole in from the lake, rustled among the nervous poplars and sighed in the melancholy pines. A distant loon toned its lonesome call, and the flash and play of lightning beyond Jay Peak showed where a far-away storm held its revel.

Profound silence beat upon my ears as these sounds died away, and, influenced by the time and place, I fell into a train of thought that led me back to ancient days.

Here the savage inhabitants of long ago hunted the wild denizens of the woods now lying so silent and dark around me. Here the young men and maidens had their romances, joys and tragedies. Their white canoes glided like silent ghosts over the still lake and the light of their camp fires shone on every point. The squaws crooned to their young and attended to their simple domestic duties, or with deft fingers ornamented the garments of their warrior husbands. It was a scene of rude peace and contentment. But from a far country came the paleface, and before his presence the dusky inhabitants slowly melted away. Hunting and fishing were their objects in life, and when the settlers laid bare their forests, destroyed their game preserves and ravaged their waters, they struck their

tents and silently moved into deeper wilds where disease and homesickness thinned their lodges and where now only a remnant remain.

Their memory is a haunting romance. Their days hold a witching charm that captivates the mind. Their love of nature and their language, terse and poetical in expression, strengthens this feeling of sadness at their fate.

How far are our Christian people, our ancestors who settled these shores, morally responsible for this result—I mused.

A breath of cool air from the woods brought the sweet scents of many wild flowers and herbs. The singing of a hidden brook struggling through the dark furs, came gratefully to my senses. A night hawk darted across my vision from out the dense blackness of the shore and vanished as suddenly in the prevailing obscurity. A distant watchdog gave a faint alarm as if disturbed by intruders. A sudden splash of a lake trout near at hand as it rose to the surface broke the heavy stillness of the locality for a moment and a squeak of pain in the shrubbery near by told of a forest tragedy being enacted—some poor marmot caught in the fangs of a prowling fox. So I remained, fascinated by my surroundings, till the crowing of a farmyard cock, though faint from distance, aroused me to action and seizing my paddle I moved rapidly towards my camp some distance away. My course took me near "The Island of Manitou" where, according to Indian legend, a portal once exhibited opening to the effulgent regions of the Happy Hunting Grounds of the departed warriors of their race. This ingress was at that time guarded by a massive boulder that moved menacingly whenever a sacriligious foot dared to pass. A chief had gathered the members of his tribe to witness the marriage of the most beautiful maiden in their

midst, Winona, the "Spirit of the Morning," the well beloved of his heart. The simple ceremony was about to begin, when suddenly a priestess of the Mystic Isle burst through the waiting circle and in a shrill voice announced to the chief that the Manitou had need of the maiden and she had come to bear her away to the Haunted Isle.

Surprise held him motionless, while grief and despair tortured his brain as he beheld his bride torn from his side and borne away by the dark-robed priestess from the Manitou. No thought of resisting the decrees of the Great Spirit entered his mind or those of the spectators. To their simple belief the edicts of the Great Manitou could not be disregarded. The most dire penalty would follow should they not obey; all they could do was to gather about their chief and tender their sympathy; but he seemed not to hear them, in his deep grief. He remained not long with them, soon disappearing in the trackless wastes of the forest. For many moons his faithful people watched his return and when he suddenly appeared in their midst, haggard and emaciated, his eyes shone bright with insanity. They tried every art to establish his reason upon its throne and rejuvenize his shrunk-en form. They brought him the choicest morsels of the chase, sought the incantations of their most skillful medicine men and played the games he most had loved, hoping thus to effect his cure. But naught availed. One night a furious tempest raged, beating the surface of the lake into huge waves and filling the atmosphere with flying sand as the fierce blasts charged the dark forest and howled among the swaying pines. The war of the elements, while filling the minds of the savages with awe, seemed to excite the chief to action and, seeking his canoe he with the strength of insanity launched it upon the tor-

tured lake and steered for the mysterious isle lying like a black shadow far out upon the water. In his madness he beheld the form of his bride, standing with outstretched arms toward him, upon the sacred strand. Uttering a glad cry he put forth his utmost efforts to battle successfully with the huge waves that threatened at every moment to engulf his canoe. At one moment cast upon their foaming crests, then shot into their black depths so far that all surroundings were hidden from his strained sight; so the unequal contest continued, not gaining in his course, but only farther carried into the lake where the hurricane raged even more fiercely and human endeavor could only end in disaster. In the Stygian gloom and tempest of that night, far out and alone upon the wild waters of Memphremagog, the chief met his doom! His canoe, battered and torn, was found by his sorrowing people the next day upon the rocky shore, but his body never was recovered.

A strange event occurred after this tragedy—so runs the legend: the large peculiar shaped boulder that guarded the portal to the regions of the Manitou upon the sacred island, was discovered moved to its southern point, where it has ever since remained, perched so evenly upon its small base as to be easily rocked by the human hand, and from the time of the settlers known as "Balance Rock." Thus all traces of the entrance to the Indian valhalla have been lost and all means of exactly locating the spot where it once existed, according to the savage tradition, are gone forever.

H. I. B.

QUEEN OF THE EAST

O peerless inland sea! reflecting the blue above;
Though not comparable to ancient Galilee,
Where labored the Lord of Love,
Yet beautiful beyond compare are thy liquid depths;
Thou'rt Canada's crowned Queen of the East,
Given to gem the castellated rocks and bordering hills,
Where lesser lakes and placid ponds repose
To the soft music of sylvan rills.

Fortified by foliaged bluffs and heights sublime—
Meet symbols of majesty and strength—
Whose shadows fall upon pellucid waters
as they peacefully flow across a liquescent line
And intermingle, like the language
Of two flags, friendly and mutually free,
Claiming thy charms, rich and manifold,
As a rare, rapturous and unsullied heritage.

Let no rude hand nor sordid scheme
Prevail to profane thy virgin purity,
Since, in a sphere silent and serene,
It mirrors the loftier thoughts of thy lovers,
Touching their hearts with a feeling of infinity.

T. BENTLEY JEAkins.

Montreal, P. Q., Sept., 1921.

“BEAUTIFUL WATERS” POETRY

[The next two poems were written by
Increase Bullock, Esq., in 1854.]

A VISION BEAUTIFUL

Now rest my boat, the winds are lulled, the lake
Is smiling 'neath the kisses of the breeze
That supercedes the howlings of the storm.
The air is soft, and O how cool and pure!
I drink in very health from its sweet wings!
The horizon, beyond those floating clouds,
So blue and heaven-inspiring, and so green
The woods, and those staid farmers' fields.
Down tow'rd the north old Orford rears
Around and 'bove the clouds his rugged tops;
A continent's highest land; and to the south
The statelier Owl looms up from out the lake,
Sending his cone-like peak where eagles love
To build their eyries and lecture their young
To attempt, on early wing, their lofty flights;
While midway 'tween these hoary sentinels,
Set there to guard from harm and overlook
“The Beautiful Water,” the more humble Loaf
Margins the western shore—parted in halves—
Which from each other falling back have left
Concavity where nestles a lakelet filled
With speckled trout. Here anglers hie for sport;
And huntsmen, too, for the forest there,
With its wild solitude, and treasurers, rare,
Of roving life and inert mysteries.
On every side the farmers' pleasant homes;
And, in the rear, a village; and to crown
The landscape fair, the “Mountain Maid” steams by;
Her colors flying gaily in the breeze,
Her decks well freighted with misses and dames
And beaux, and gentlemen of sober ways,

And snobs and rouses—to the sound of music;
Gracefully some trip the light fantastic toe
And all are merry as a marriage bell.
Rock, gently rock, my boat, upon the wave;
I'm charmed: My friend, were you but here with me
To share the pleasures of this charming scene!

WOODLANDS

[The delightful summer home of Mr. Lindsay of Montreal, situated about a mile south of Georgeville, prompted "Woodlands" as follows:]

Woodlands, woodlands;
Owned I thy fair domain,
What should I care for the sands that bear
The orange and the sugarcane?

Woodlands, woodlands;
Warm lie thy virgin soils,
Inviting the farmers' willing hands
And well repaying his toils.

Woodlands, woodlands;
Groves of the maplewood,
And the loveliest shores and the sunniest bays,
By the Memphremagog's flood.

Woodlands, woodlands;
Pleasure's and Labor's ground;
The city greets the country's sweets,
When the farm's rare charms abound.

Woodlands, woodlands;
Brisk work for liveried groom,
When Misses fair ride ponies rare
And the summer spreads its bloom.

Woodlands, woodlands;
All hearts are honest there,
That they may e'er find noble cheer
It is our humble prayer.

URIAH SKINNER, THE PIRATICAL
SMUGGLER

[We are indebted to Mr. John F. Tuck of Knowlton Landing for this bit of historical satire.]

Fancy a fellow, brawny and brown,
With very black hair that hangs shaggily down,
With whiskers remarkably bushy and black,
With fists that might give a most terrible thwack;
With very fierce eyes under dark heavy brows
That flashed like a cat's when it springs on a mouse,
Or like coals in a cavern that gleam fiery red,
With a great Roman nose, so uncommonly red.

Of all the smugglers who plied on the lake
Uriah Skinner was hardest to take.
The officers hunted him often and yet
Uriah Skinner they never could get!
But alas and alack! that very bold chap
Was caught at last like a rat in a trap!

Night on the lake so clear and calm,
The night breeze sings in the trees its psalm.
Stars shine bright in the dark blue sky
And the crescent moon sails in her glory on high.
Above and below it is all serene.
Who, as he gazed on the peaceful scene
At that moment, would fancy that nine or ten
Very keen-sighted and well-armed men,
Motionless and all as still as the dead,
Were ambushed under the great Owl's Head?

Look—don't you see!
That's Skinner, must be—
Oh! Skinner, bold smuggler, there's peril for thee!
Now the chase grows eager and hot

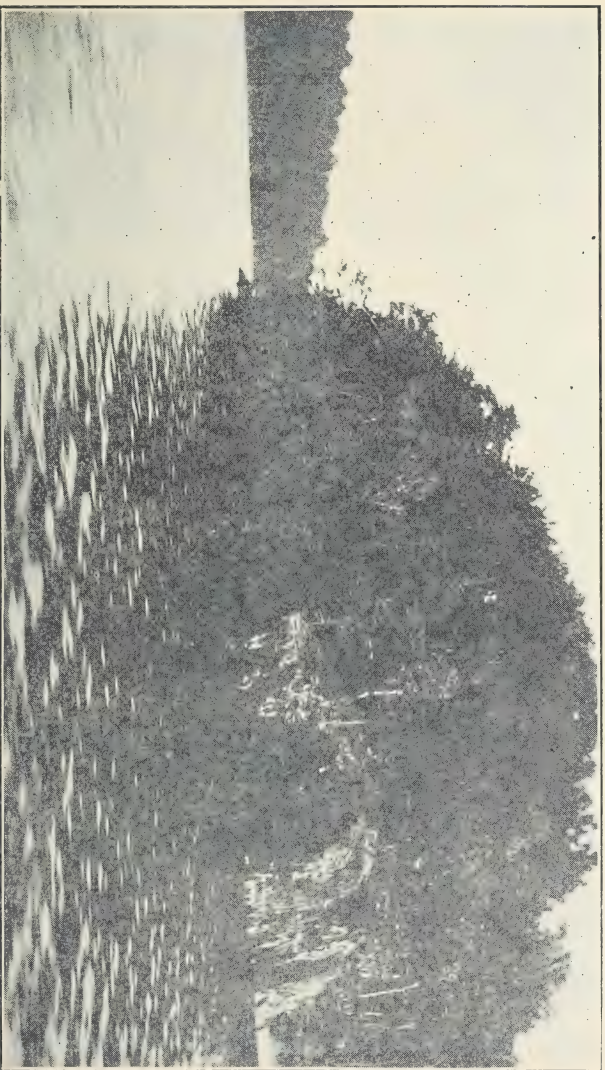
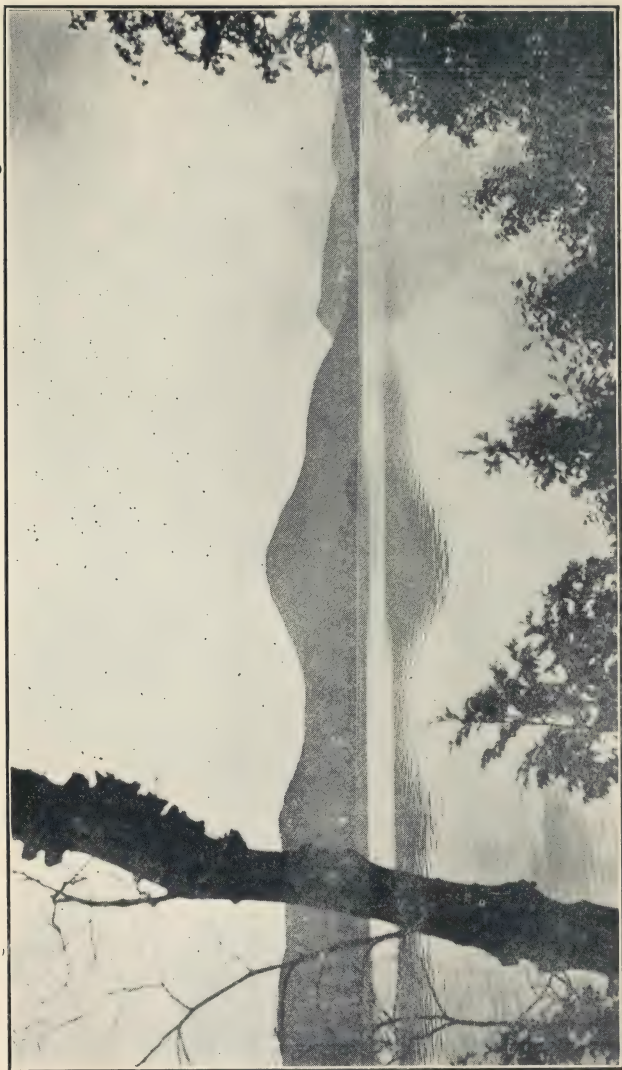


Photo by Mrs. Bullock

Skinner's Cave in Skinner's Island



Owl's Head and Mt. Elephantis from Province Island

Photo by Chaplin

And Skinner himself thinks so, too, I wot,
For his boat speeds over the waters blue,
Swiftly as flieth an Indian canoe
And he has an Indian's craftiness too.
Now they near him—now they are on
His heels as it were—and now—HE IS GONE!

But where?

How they stare

And rave and swear!

But all they find is the empty boat
Which one of the officers pushes afloat;
The fruitless search they at length give o'er
And Uriah Skinner was never seen more!

Nearly six years had passed away
When a fisherman out in a storm one day
In the side of an island a cave he spied
And in less than a minute was safe inside.
He looked above, beneath and around,
And what do you think the fisherman found?
Neither a gold nor a silver prize,
But a skull with sockets where once were eyes;
Also some bones of arms and thighs
And a vertebral column of giant size.

'Tis needless to say

In this later day

'Twas the smuggler's bones in the cave that lay.



THE SEA SERPENT LEGEND

WRITTEN BY NORMAN BINGHAM OF DERBY 75 YEARS AGO

[A very remarkable feature connected with this poem is the fact that it was memorized by Mrs. Mary Moore—mother of Mr. C. I. Moore of Newport—from reading it in a local paper when she was a girl living in Morgan. She contributed it to this book by reciting from memory. Mrs. Moore is now 87 years young.]

Around old Magog lake-girt shore
The Indian camp is seen no more,
Nor over her darkling waters glide
The Indian with his Indian bride.
The bark canoe that once so light
Flew o'er her waves in frantic flight,
Forsaken by the redman's hand,
Now rots, a wreck upon the strand.
No more o'er her waters glance along
The echo of the wild death song;
No more her chief and honored sire
Are gathered round the council fire
Or planned beneath the council tree
Revenge for recent injury.
The moccasined feet that firmly stood
Beneath the shade of the waving wood,
Or left their mark upon the sand
Where Magog waters lap the strand,
Or flew along from craig to craig
To chase the roe or the romping stag,
Or softly trod the thicket deep
To startle the wolf in his hidden sleep.
Or bounded along the crusted snow
To trap the fox or hunt the doe—
Have left the shore, have left the shade,
Have left the gloom and the silent glade;

The wolves around the lake do know
No danger now from the Indian foe.
The war whoop's terrible notes are still
That wildly rang from hill to hill.

It was a dark and dismal night,
The clouds obscured the moon from sight,
A young chief appeared and by his side
His lovely but suspecting bride.
"And why," said she, "have you borne me here?
It fills my heart with grief and fear,
That the fiends of death and darkness make
As they creep before me o'er the lake."
As she spoke the moon burst dimly out
From the mantle that wrapped the earth about
And by its pale uncertain light
She marked the gleam of his dagger bright.
Away from his side with speed she sprang
Away from his side where the forest rang
With many a wild and fearful shriek
That shook the air o'er the mountain peak
She rushed along the precipice verge,
Beneath she heard the roaring surge.
The fleeting form, the thickened breath
That spoke of murder and of death,
And yet with frantic speed she bounds
As flies the deer before the hounds,
And as the hounds the deer pursue
E'en so in the chase the redman flew.
But ah! her speed can naught avail,
Her trembling limbs begin to fail
And reeling through the midnight gloom
She fell above the lake—her tomb.
The glittering knife was raised on high,
It fell and then arose a cry
Of wild, deep mortal agony:
"She's gone!" cried he, "to her endless sleep
And many a warrior bold shall weep;
Aye, many perchance, who have e're this

Received from her lips the wanton kiss.
Those fair, fair lips with quivering mock
Now kiss the cold and bloody rock;
And that fair hand they loved to clasp
Now hugs the earth with a dying grasp.
Farewell, fair wretch, revenge is mine,
And death, a death of blood, is thine!"
The life blood welled from the reeking wound
And stained with a crimson dye the ground,
Then ran to the lake like a playful rill
As it leaped o'er the craigs of the rain-washed hill.

A snake, meanwhile, with curving play
Was sporting amid the driving spray;
He saw the blood as it dropping fell,
The taste of it pleased him passing well;
Fierce through the night did he call for more
With hungry growl and raging roar.
Fierce through the night did the hills reply
In echoing sounds to the serpent's cry.
The redmen heard the bellowing snake
And he threw the corpse in the dancing lake
And away from the howls and away from the dead,
Away to his home with speed he fled.
A month passed by and the monster grew,
A monster fierce and fearless, too,
Coursing the depths of the desert flood,
Searching the waves in quest of blood.
The monster passed by and the friends' despair
Of finding the lost and murdered, so fair;
They ceased to scale the mountain steep
And they ceased to search and they ceased to weep.

A month passed by 'neath the forest shade,
The Indian danced with his Indian maid;
And gathered beneath the old oak tree
They join in the wild wood revelry.
The shades of night had chased away
The dying light of the cheerful day;

And twilight sat on the greenwood shore.
E're the song and the shout and the dance were o'er
They launched their boats on the broad lake's breast
And set their sails o'er the dancing crest.
The dusky maids and the warriors brave
In their light canoes skimmed o'er the wave;
Their hearts were light and their actions free
And the shout and the song bespoke their glee.
But there was one in that happy throng
Who joined them not in their shout and song,
But sat like a cloud mid the piping blast,
Shrinking away from the voiceful past—
This was the chief whose hands were dyed
So late in the blood of his youthful bride;
Who heeded not her startling cry
As it rang o'er the lake and did terrify,
But gave her corpse to the waiting fish
And the blood to the snake a savage dish.
To Muscal's mind—such was his name—
A rush of dark foreboding came,
E'en as the wind, the storm and wave,
As o'er the ocean's deep, dull grave.
But he brooded not long o'er the past,
And as their craft were sailing past
A fearful sound burst upon the ear
Above the dearth of the waters drear,
And as through the falling shades of night,
Straining their startled, eager sight,
They saw a monster dark and grim
Coming with coiling surge and swim,
With lifted head and tusk and horn,
Fierce as the spirit in Hades born.
He came and they marked in his rushing course
That his head was the head of a furious horse,
But the tusk and the horn and the forked tongue
A shade of wrath o'er his visage flung.
Nearer he comes till he's very, very near
And the hearts of the brave ones quake with fear.
Deep dip the oars and the boats fly swift,

Plowing their way through the watery drift.
Ah! wild and dreadful is the chase
When life's the forfeit of the race;
And dreadful when cold death appears
And conscience wakes the voice of fears
And dreadful mid the gathering gloom
To find 'neath the lake's cold sheet a tomb,
Or to feel, with death's relentless pangs,
The piercing thrust of a monster's fangs.
But see! as they seem about to escape
The threatening fangs of the serpent shake
And the hands of Muscal loosens its clasp
And the wet oars fall from his weakened grasp.
His boat reduces its recent speed
And danger and death are his indeed,
His eyes are set on the sable sky
And he laughs as if in mockery.
"Hail!" said he, "to my spirit bride,
I'm coming to dwell beneath the tide.
The fangs of the serpent that drank thy blood
Shall reek with my own life's crimson flood."
By this the rest had reached the strand
And stood on the turf of the forest land,
No signs of their Chief were visible,
He'd paid for his act so culpable.

The Serpent e're now in the depths did roam
Under Owl's Head to his cavernous home.
After digesting this horrible meal
His snakeful majesty did out again reel,
Next to appear to Uncle Ri Jewett
In one of his visions that made him a poet.

[See Uncle Ri's poetic effusion in his "obituary"
in the Anecdote Division]

DIVISION III

Camp Life and Directory of Owners of Summer Camps and Estates

CAMP LIFE AND DIRECTORY OF OWNERS OF SUMMER CAMPS AND ESTATES

From its Infancy a Half Century Ago this Mode of Recreation has Expanded its Girth to Encircle the Lake, the Number of Summer Camps Approximating 200 in 1926

T



HE pioneer in the "Camping-Out" idea among city people while visiting the lake was Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, editor of the Christian Register, of New York, who began coming to the Lake during the summer of 1877. It was the real camp style they indulged in, their considerable experience in nomadic life in other parts of the country making them experts. The family and friends numbering nearly or quite a dozen. Their first night in

the Memphremagog region was spent on Lord's Island, the trip from Newport being made in a steam launch. A thunder storm that first night made it so uncomfortable for the "Crusoe Family" that they abandoned the island the next day for the more hospitable shores of the main land. Two summers they pitched their tents along the shore of Bullock's Bay, about two miles from Lord's Island on the east side, securing permanent grounds there-

after at Merriman's Point, one-half mile further north along the same shore. This Point was also locally known as "Bedroom Point" from the tradition that a company of early settlers spent their first night in this region on that Point, which is one of the Lake's beauty spots.

Mr. Barrows being a minister, of the Unitarian faith, held regular services under the sublime natural canopy of the worship-inspiring trees, or in a large tent when the weather was inclement.

Mr. Barrows and family came regularly to the Lake until 1887, when failing health compelled him to seek a warmer clime, and the family went to India.

In 1887 a book, "The Shaybacks in Camp," was published, humorously relating the Barrows' experiences about Lake Memphremagog.

DIRECTORY OF SUMMER CAMPS, ESTATES AND THE OWNERS

MAGOON'S POINT TO GEORGEVILLE VICINITY—

(Corrected list furnished by Mgr. Clarke of the Memph. Navigation Co.)

Willow Birches, owned by Prof. Colby of McGill University, Montreal; Glenbrooke (boys' camp), H. R. Dane; Tanglewood, Mr. Greenwood; Fernhill, Miss Eva Molson; Bellemere, Mrs. E. M. Routledge, daughter of the late Sir Hugh Allen; Woodlands, Miss A. Lindsay and Mrs. Carter, both of Montreal; Dunkeld, W. A. Murray; Bonhard, Miss E. M. Sanford; Edgewood, M. L. Williams of Montreal; Fairwaters, A. C. Attenu of Montreal; Pightle Farm, Miss Alice Pearse, daughter of the late John B. Pearse of Boston; Camps in the Pines, owned by Prof. H. R. Mussey, Prof Dale of McGill University, Rev. C. R. Elliot of Boston and Messrs. H. B. Davis and

Holmes C. Smith; Bonnie Brae, Percy F. Mathias of Montreal.

KNOWLTON LANDING—

Submitted by Mr. J. F. Tuck and Mgr. Clarke

Messrs. R. G. Plaw and M. A. Macfarlane of Montreal, H. W. Davis of Dorchester, Mass., Miss E. A. Wilson and A. S. Bayles of Sherbrooke, P. Q., have cottages at the Landing; while along the west shore are the cottages of Messrs. J. B. Beach of Sherbrooke and W. H. Abbott of Lennoxville, P. Q. Mr. Murray Brooks of Toronto, Ont., has a fine location near Mr. Abbott's, on which he will build very soon. Orchard Farm, boarding house, owned by Geo. H. Ducharme.

BRYANT'S LANDING—

Submitted by Mgr. Clarke

In this vicinity, at a place called Point Goyette, a number of French Canadian professional men have built very attractive cottages. The names of some of the owners are as follows: Dr. Renaud, Dr. J. B. Goyette, Dr. J. A. Gosslin, Dr. Gauvin, Mr. T. X. Renaud, architect; A. C. Benoit and others. On a hill in the rear of this property, occupying a prominent place, is a branch of the Order of the Benedictine Monks of France.

PERKINS' LANDING, OWL'S HEAD SHORE—

List submitted by Mr. W. C. Perkins

NORTH OF PERKINS' WHARF

C. J. Oliver, M. L. A., Mansonville, Que.
Lomer Beard, Dominion Immigration, Montreal
S. Carl Carpenter, Treas. Savings Bank, Richford, Vt.
Fred Kelley, Richford

Claud Boright, Mansonville
Bert Wilson, Glen Sutton, Que.
A. O'Brien, Richford

SOUTH OF WHARF

Alden Bailey, Mansonville
Geo. Willard, Mansonville, summer residence and cottage
W. C. Perkins, residence and five cottages
Walter Grant, Northfield, Vt.
A. Joscelyn H. Magrath, Newport City, Vt.
H. Titus, North Troy, Vt.
John Morgan, Farnham, Que.
Dr. Fred Oliver, Montreal
Dr. F. H. Colby, Boston, Mass.
W. H. Boright, Mansonville
Dr. Hall, South Woodbury, Vt.
Charles Fowler, North Troy, Vt.
Frank Kimball, Boston
Mr. Loiseau, Orange, N. J.
Mr. Anderson, New York City
E. W. Hildreth, Melrose, Mass., two cottages
George Morey, Boston
Charles Gaskell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. Rockwell, Amherst, Mass.
Ross Knox, Savannah, Ga.
Miss Mary Niles, Concord, N. H.
Col. F. B. Edwards, U. S. A. (boys' camp), Northfield, Vt.
Frank Kimball, Boston (cottage he rents)
H. Thistle, New York City
Dr. Butler, Hartford, Conn.
R. R. Ray, New York City
Dr. T. Beach, Hartford, Conn.
Dr. Worthen, Hartford

H. B. Scudder, Bristol, Conn.

Judge Newell Jennings, Bristol, Conn.

ON THE ISLANDS

Dr. D. A. Pease, Hartford (Round Island)

Judge Newell, Bristol, Conn. (Skinner's Island)

Quite an elaborate mansion was built on the Canadian end of Province Island by the late Andrew C. Zabriskie of New York. The present owner is B. C. Howard of Sherbrooke, Que.

CEDARVILLE, QUE.—

Submitted by Miss Murilla Bullock

Beginning at the Weir cottage and going south the Cedarville summer cottages are in the following order: The above mentioned cottage is owned by the Hon. R. Stanley Weir of the Recorder's Court, Montreal. Next comes the farm house belonging to M. Reynolds, then a cottage owned by Rev. E. M. Brundage of Mansonville. The two Campbell camps are next, then one that belongs to George Moir of Graniteville.

These cottages are all very close together, but after a slight jog in the shore they continue though not as closely. The following are given as they come: two belonging to M. Reynolds, two owned by Warren Bullock; one each by C. C. Wells of Newport, Sidney Pocock of Beebe, John Elder; then across the bay to Mrs. H. B. Stewart's, and Jay Turner's; Charles Jenkins and J. O'Leary also have camps there. The Camp Fire Girls of Ishkodah Camp, 20 in number, have camped there for some years.

LAKE PARK—

Lake Park is approached from the east on a very fine road, built in 1923. This summer resort is only a mile from North Derby, Vt., and a short distance south of Cedarville.

The big Butterfield farm is quite near to the shore as are the lovely cottages owned by the Butterfields and Haskells. J. B. Goodhue and Eugene Cowles also have nice cottages here.

The following people from abroad also own summer homes here: Mrs. Cordelia Shearer of Montreal, Wright Hovey of Winnipeg, Man., and Mr. Horner of Montreal.

Among the other cottages are those belonging to F. W. D. Meloon of Rock Island; F. W. Hearle, Beebe; Prof. Martin, Stanstead College. All these are very near the shore.

The Butterfield cottage is called "Kittemaug" and, until the last two or three years, the Fresh Air Service has always been held there, the benefits being equally divided between the Montreal Hospital and the Boston Floating Hospital. Mr. Eugene Cowles always contributed his voice as well as his money to these services and everyone appreciated his interest in the movement which benefitted so many little tots.

F. S. Laythe, treasurer of the Butterfield Co., also has a cottage here.

EAGLE POINT—

Just across the bay from some of these cottages at Lake Park lies Eagle Point, where Capt. Holbrook lived for so many years. He ran the "Yioco", the popular "picnic" steam yacht, and owned several cottages here on the

point. Mrs. Munderlogh has her beautiful houses and her farm here.

Eagle Point was a popular rendezvous for several Newport vacationists a decade ago. The late Dr. G. H. Newland, Dr. Whitaker and Hamilton Green were among the cottage owners then. The present-day proprietors are: Pres. J. D. McFadyen of Stanstead College, Judge E. J. Smith of Newport; Rev. Lawrence Barber and Prof. A. H. Barber of Nashua, N. H.; Dr. W. A. Reynolds of Boston; Mr. Tompkins of Beebe; Miss Susan Mooney; Leslie Monroe.

Continuing south from Lake Park we come to the camp of the late "Chief" L. D. Miles, prominent on a point near the famous fishing ground called Black Rock. Many years ago this was a much visited haunt among the many sporting friends of Sheriff Miles, who could prepare the most appetizing chowders ever sampled.

Next in order on our coastwise trip is Lindsay's Beach, on property owned by ex-Mayor W. C. Lindsay of Newport. The cottages here are owned by Mrs. Adelaide Brown and Howard Lindsay, sister and brother of W. C. Lindsay.

INDIAN POINT (NEWPORT)—

List submitted by Mr. Charles Flint

Arriving at Newport we find camp life indulged in more and more each year out in the beauty-spots of the city's suburbs.

The building of cottages began on Indian Point over 30 years ago and up to 1926 summer homes were owned

there as follows, the order given being from south to north:

Roeder's Inn on Pender's Points, Albert Roeder, prop'r.

Camp Elizabeth, tourists' inn, Charles Flint.

Shepley and Renihan cottages, owned by Mrs. F. D. Flint.

Geo. Macdiarmid and J. R. Kirkpatrick were among the pioneers in the settlement of this colony.

The cottages of Geo. F. Root, Ralph Hamblett and Dr. H. F. Hamilton come next.

The Edes and Judge Alfred cottages were among the first ones built and are now owned by the Orleans County Memorial Hospital at Newport.

Geo. L. Frost, of the Frost Veneer Seating Co., is an enthusiastic booster of this locality and of Memphremagog Lake generally, owning two cottages. Mr. and Mrs. Frost believe not only in summering near the Lake, but enjoy our winters and the allurements offered by winter sports.

Mrs. A. S. Marsh occupies the cottage nearest the "Bluff" boat landing. This is one of the earliest cottages and was formerly owned by Mrs. O. B. Gould.

Mrs. Mabel Bigelow enjoys an admirable view of a long stretch of the lake from her stately summer home on the northwest extremity of Indian Point, amid a charming intermingling of white birches and pines.

E. J. Prouty's summer home also commands a delightful vista of lake and mountain scenery from its site among the healthful pines.

KNOWLTON'S BLUFF—

List submitted by Mr. W. W. Blodgett

Continuing on over a few rods of open fields, following the shore line east, we come to the dividing line, as it were, between the two Bluffs—Ball's (original name Indian Point) and Knowlton's—and here find Camp Neperan, a boys' camp sponsored by Dr. John L. Miner of Hawthorne, N. Y., who, with the other camp directors about the Lake, are doing a wonderful work in moulding the characters of our "citizens of tomorrow."

In the order named are the cottages of W. E. Bond and Charles G. Taylor, of Newport; W. W. True's cottage, now owned by David Brown of Newark, N. J.; A. Allyn Bishop, Newport; Geo. B. Young, Montpelier; W. J. McKindsey; T. S. Wilcox, Newport; H. P. Coffin, New York, owning two; C. W. Christie, Mrs. Leta Kirkner, owning 3; Mr. and Mrs. Carl S. White of St. Petersburg, Fla.; Dr. Hartley; Mrs. O. S. Dane; the Armstrongs of Sherbrooke, Que.; Messrs. Clark & Stewart of Lennoxville, Que., E. R. Leavitt and Arthur Flanders, of Newport.

The Allendale Farm, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brigham, sets back a little from Knowlton's Bluff; cottages are also connected with the property.

BACK BAY (NEWPORT)—

The two cottages on the shore bluffs of the Billings farm, Back Bay, were built by Miss Winona Billings. This farm was owned 30 years ago by the late M. D. Montague.

FARRANT'S BLUFF—

List submitted by Mr. Franz A. Hunt

Crossing the lake southwest from Indian Point we find the summer colony at Farrant's Bluff, already nearly as large as at the resorts aforementioned. Entering the beautiful maple grove from the east we find the cottages owned in the following order: By Mrs. Sidney Davis, Mrs. Pearl Brown, C. H. McCauley, Mrs. Louise Brooks (pioneer cottage on the Bluff); Mrs. Annie Davis, F. A. Hunt, E. F. Humphrey, Carroll Huntington, owning two; G. Sam Scott, Reginald Buzzell, Charles Ray, Jay Carr and A. E. Jones.

WEST SHORE, FROM FARRANT'S TO LEADMINE, QUE.—

List submitted by Mr. C. W. Gardner

Residents of Newport own cottages in following order:

M. E. Willis	S. G. Crawford	Mrs. Z. B. Bowley
Mrs. Mary Bean	F. E. Lee	A. H. Himes
C. W. Gardner	J. A. Aubin	E. S. Hammond
J. H. Bonneau	R. O. Coburn	C. J. Garrett
John Bradley	Lewis Levoy	Richard Hurst
Geo. Reed		S. D. Parker

FROM NEW YORK:

C. W. Walton Harry George Ralph Huntington

R. E. Hunt, Orleans; W. S. Hyatt, Boston, Mass.

Messrs. St. Francis and Gero, Mansonville, Que.

Chas. R. Moore is building a cottage south of the leadmine.

NOTICE.—If any camps and owners have not been mentioned the omission was certainly not intentional. There are so many camps, and changes of ownership being made along the entire shore line, that it would be surprising if an occasional one was not overlooked.

DESCENDANTS OF FIRST SETTLERS

BOLTON.—Mrs. J. Aiken of East Bolton, who was Ada, daughter of Mr. Harvey Austin, is the nearest living relative of Nicholas Austin, the first settler on the shores of Lake Memphremagog, who “pitched” on Gibraltar Point.

NEWPORT.—Dr. R. W. Adams of Newport Center and Dr. G. F. Adams of Newport City are direct descendants of Calendar and Dea. Martin Adams, the first settlers of the town.

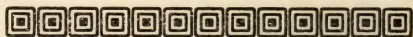
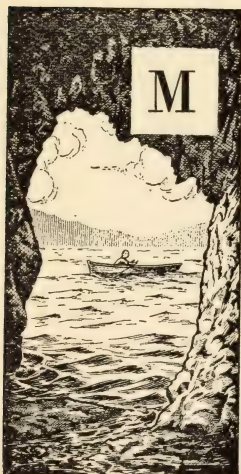
GEORGEVILLE.—Charles Copp of Derby Line, son of the late Sewell Copp of this place, is a descendant of Capt. Moses Copp, first settler of Copp’s Ferry (Georgeville).

DIVISION IV—PART I

Anecdote and Folklore

THE SCENE OF MANY ADVENTURES

Smugglers were as Bold in the Eighteenth Century as Now and were an Astute Class of Gentry—A Smuggler's Finesee.



EMPHREMAGOG has been the scene of many exciting adventures. Lying as it does on both sides of the line separating two countries tempting chances are offered for smuggling operations. Numerous are the tales in this connection that have been handed down from early days. There is the Legend of Uriah Skinner in his boat (as shown in the initial letter design) loaded to the gunwales with dutiable goods, making his escape in the darkness

from the pursuing customs officers, by dashing into a cave in the rocky sides of an island and remaining there securely hidden till the officers had relinquished the chase.

Up to the time of the civil war large quantities of dry goods, tea, coffee and tobacco were surreptitiously brought into Canada all along the border and the greater part took the lake route, those goods being much cheaper than in

Canada; but in 1861 the tide turned and certain articles such as nutmeg, indigo, tobacco, silks, cotton and particularly whiskey, could be exported to the south side at a large profit, provided they escaped the American duty.

Curious tales could be told by old merchants who were near the international border in those stirring times: of all-night labor in selling silk by the web; nutmegs, etc., by the hundred weight, and whiskey in five and ten-gallon lots, to smugglers from the American side. But certain characteristics were required to make a successful agent in this profession. He had to be very bright mentally; sober, resourceful, discreet and secretive. He must not assume any extra rights as to presents or special prices from the merchants he had served. After he had received his wage that was sufficient to end the transaction. No hint or innuendo must ever escape his lips. After being informed what goods he was to find ready for him and at what point in the States, and where he was to bring them, he was then to carry out his instructions in any manner that his experience might dictate. He would suddenly be absent, no one knowing when or how he would take his departure, and in due time his return would be as quiet and mysterious, goods securely hidden nearby, his duty performed.

A SMUGGLER'S FINESSE

A special instance of threescore years ago is worthy of note. One July day in 1863 a noted smuggler was met by two strangers who told him they had been directed to apply to him for a favor. A keen look of inquiry was the only response to this salutation.

They then confessed that they had a load of contraband goods, they wished him to take to Newport, Vt., and leave at a certain spot near that village—and he could name his price. After more explanation a bargain was struck and that night as soon as it was fairly dark he started on his twenty-mile row, his boat being piled with the cases of the strangers' goods. Before daylight on the following morning he had delivered his cargo, received his recompense and was on his way home to Canada. Like many other similar deeds this affair soon passed from his mind, until one day two months later a letter was handed him signed with the names of the men for whom he had performed the service, requesting him to meet them at Newport to arrange for another shipment. Now, a novice at the business would have immediately made preparations to meet the parties as desired and secure another profitable job; but not so with this old veteran. There were earmarks about the proposition that struck him as being not quite regular and required caution. His professional instinct told him there were loopholes for lots of trouble to creep in if one did not exercise keen judgment. He finally concluded to go to Newport and satisfy himself as to the genuineness of the proposition. He landed his boat a half mile north of the Vermont village where he could give it thorough concealment, and in the darkness gained the rear door of the hotel kitchen where his wife was the cook, without having been seen by anyone.

By her aid he found that the two men whose names were attached to the communication he had received, had been arrested by the U. S. customs authorities and placed in the local jail, and that the officers were the authors of the decoy letter he had received, and were eagerly watching for his appearance. Their disappointment must have

been great as time went on and their victim did not appear, for his numerous smuggling acts had aggravated them and a long incarceration would surely have been his fate had their little plan proved successful.

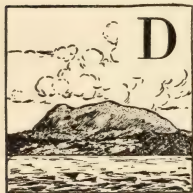
This instance will show the cunning with which this old smuggler was endowed, the accuracy of his suspicions and the soundness of his logic; qualities that enabled him to evade the clutches of the law in nearly every expedition he attempted.

H. I. B.



THE "WATERSPOUT" OF 1875

A Record Storm of the Nineteenth Century—Devastating though Brief—Boat Capsizes, Narrow Escape of the Occupants.



DURING the summer of 1875 the Lake was visited by the hardest storm in the memory of the "oldest citizen." I was nine years old, living on a farm one mile north of Georgeville, and remember the storm and its impression made upon me. As I recollect, it occurred on an afternoon. The day had been hot and sultry, a peculiar safron hue tinted the sky, an awesome hush pervaded nature.

Father remarked, "There's a big storm brewing and lots of wind with it; we'd better go to the house, for it'll strike sudden when it does come."

Far off west, seeming to hover over Bolton mountain, was a dark cloud-like formation which seemed to be moving faster than other clouds and appeared to be coming our way, changing to cone shape.

Father began to get a bit excited and said, "Lad, that's a regular western tornado, if I'm any judge, and there's a mighty force wound up in that cone—everything will be destroyed in its path. We're safer outdoors than

under cover. Run to the house and tell your mother and sister to come out at once."

We all gathered in a group out by a stonewall where we could get a good sight of the phenomena and fascinatingly watched its progress.

I plucked up enough courage to remark: "Father, the thing looks just like the picture in one of my books of a waterspout."

"That's another name for the same kind of a storm as a tornado. A descending funnel-shaped cloud whirls in corkscrew fashion and gathers up into its folds, or destroys, whatever it passes over. It looks now as though it would be picking up some of those French cottages back of Gibraltar Point."

My excited sister cried out, "Oh, papa, will it hit our house?"

"No, dear, I don't think so; it appears to be headed to pass over north of us."

No rain had fallen yet and there was the same hushed and portentous silence; very depressing to all of us. I can remember how pale mother looked, a sort of yellow pallor; we all had jaundiced faces, reflecting the storm-charged atmosphere. I could swear it was no pallor of fear with mother, for she was always the bravest soul in times of danger.

My eyes focused upon a rowboat which appeared to be in line with that terrible storm-laden cone. I could see the motion of the oars, but the boat did not seem to move. Instead of facing either north or south, which would have carried them out of the waterspout's path, the boat was headed directly for our shore. It must be that the occupants could not see the storm cloud, high Gibraltar must hide it from them.

Violent puffs of wind began to ruffle the glassy surface of the lake and whip hotly across our faces, dropping suddenly into a dead calm again.

Finally bold Gibraltar was actually hidden by the whirlwind, probably picking up a swirl of underbrush and sand, creating a barrage. When it struck the lake we could hear a hissing like boiling water. We expected to see giant waves begin rolling north and south of the spout; while the lake seemed to be in a choppy condition, the action of the funnel was more like sucking the water up into its awful vortex.

But what of the boat! The man at the oars had changed the craft's direction and appeared to be pulling with might and main to escape the storm demon's trail. The cloud seemed to sweep along with lightning speed and it didn't seem to me that the mite of a craft could possibly have time to get "off the track!" The seething mass of destruction whirled on and soon enveloped the boat. I fairly screamed, witnessing what we all felt sure was a tragedy. On it came, cutting a wide swath through our sugar orchard as it left the lake; then up over the pasture and fields, disappearing towards the eastern horizon.

"Ah!" rasped out father; "I'm glad that demon passed us by and never stopped to rap."

"Papa!" sister nervously exclaimed, "I don't see the boat. Do you suppose it is lost?"

"God forbid! but I don't see how they could have escaped."

The following day was a busy one, spent in repairing fences.

All along through our upper pastures and the "East Road" were scattered painted shingles, clapboards, etc.,

and we knew that some of those French cottages had been in the storm's path.

That boat was swamped; but their predicament had been seen by men at the village and a life-saving crew were soon on the scene and rescued the two male occupants who were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat. They escaped sudden death by having barely gained the border of the waterspout's trail. The horror of their recollection was the paralyzing fear of certain death as the terrible cloud seemed to envelope them—its suction drew the hats from their heads and the vortex of the foaming waters whirled their boat about and overturned it like a chip.



THE WONDERFUL FISHING ERA

The 80's were Halcyon Days for the Lake Fishermen—Some Unique Characters Among the Fraternity—The Hermit of Owl's Head—Close Season for Longe Fishing.



THE LAKE was full to repletion with the large speckled trout and longe at the time its shores were settled, as well as other panfish. One could easily go out before breakfast and in a few minutes catch enough lake trout to satisfy a large family for a meal. Even in the boyhood days of the writer it was a common occurrence to catch from one to two hundred pounds of longe in a forenoon; fishing was best in the early morning and as the average weight would be from 6 to 15 pounds and many much heavier, per fish, a hundred pounds was soon reached. But little trawling was done in those days, "still fishing" being the customary method. Rope was not as plenty then, so the writer used to strip bark from cedar trees, tying enough strips together to make 60 or more feet of anchorage cable; a heavy oblong stone serving as an anchor. This sturdy outfit would prevent one from drifting off the fishing grounds in the average lake winds.

Regarding the largest lake trout, or "longe" ("Mam-



Owl's Head from Sugarloaf Mountain, looking south

Courtesy Goodrich Library

From drawing of 1860



Owl's Head, Round Island, Whetstone Island, Magoon Point
From drawing of 1860

Courtesy Goodrich Library

aycush," scientifically called) ever caught in the lake there is a story current among old fishermen that long ago a man by the name of Lucius Merriman captured one that weighed 60 pounds. Much later on another angler by the same family name, caught one on a spoon bait, trawling, that weighed 43 pounds.

The spoon trawling rig with heavy sinker attachment was probably first introduced to the fishermen of our lake fifty years ago by Frank Merriman; father of Gerrish Merriman, expert telegrapher, who lived in Newport some eighteen years ago. The copper trawling line introduced to our vicinity about the year 1916, proved as much of an improvement over the old fashioned sinker rig, as the latter was better than anchor fishing, in deep water.

THE HERMIT OF OWL'S HEAD

Among the fishing fraternity in ye olden days were many eccentric characters, prominent among whom we recall the "Hermit of Owl's Head."

John Holtham was thus nicknamed by reason of his recluse life spent under the shadow of the romantic mountain, where he had built himself a hut barely large enough to answer for sleeping quarters. In his sober days he was the most expert angler for the deep water product of any of his clique. Thirty-five years ago, when apparently in his prime and longe fishing was good he would make weekly or bi-weekly trips to the Memphremagog "Hub" to market his catch. In his string, with their tails dragging on the ground, would be some kingly specimens weighing approximately twenty pounds.

One day a boulder became dislodged far up on the

rugged sides of Owl's Head and in its disastrous roll to the valley the Hermit's shack was flattened.

A few years ago after one of his marketing trips the Hermit started home by rowboat as usual, but was never seen thereafter. His skiff was found on the wide expanse of the lake between Indian Point and Province Island, but the body was never recovered.

Another old timer by the name of Burns, popularly known about Newport by the euphoneous cognomen of "Rocky Mountain Trout," was not as pretentious a fisherman as the recluse aforementioned, making a specialty only of the variety found around Newport waters.

"Rocky" used to hawk his wares through the streets with a raucous voice that could be heard above all the street noises. He was so near club footed that in walking his body was several inches ahead of his feet and gave the appearance of about to fall headlong. Some of his original vocal "ads." would be close to rhyming: "Walk up, roll up, anyway to get up;" "A perch or a pout, but never a trout;" "Here's pickerel and eels right off the reels."

He would gather a following of street urchins as fast as a circus parade. The boys would bother him to such an extent that his hawking would change to oaths and vituperations that would make the listener shudder.

"SILENT" DIMOND

An expert fisherman of the 50's who lived in a hut was Silent Dimond and his haunt was on the west shore, opposite Georgeville. "Silent" was about as social as an Indian—monosyllables were usually the extent of a conversa-

tion. One could crack through Silent's stoicism, however, by asking if his cabin was comfortable in the zero winter nights; his expressive answer would be: "Keep h——of a fire—roast on one side, freeze on t'other, bigosh!" Mr. Dimond seemed to have an uncanny instinct in locating the longe and catching them when it was impossible for others to do so.

Upon a day in about 1862 John Dimond and Moses Achilles—fisherman and master boatbuilder and, withal, a Christian gentleman—rowed their boats to the well known Black Point longe fishing grounds, on the west shore about one mile south of Lord's Island. The wind that had been blowing quite fresh all the morning increased so much that their anchors began to drag. Big swells were rolling from the broad expanse of the lake to the south. Care and skillful handling only could keep their boats right side up. They abandoned their anchors and started for a sheltered bay. Achilles was ahead and, having noticed that Dimond started from the anchorage at about the same time as himself, paid no further attention to him until upon nearing the shore he looked back and discovered Dimond's boat was empty. It took many hours of grappling before his body was recovered. John Dimond was buried in Potton.

THE "COLONEL"

A reminiscence of the big fishing days would not be complete without mention of "Colonel" Burbank, a conspicuous character in Georgeville's finny circles, who was always among the reception committee at the wharf to greet the new arrivals brought by the Lady of the Lake.

The Colonel was the antithesis of Silent Dimond, being decidedly garrulous, and his tall, gaunt form could ever be seen sauntering among a bevy of "summer boarders," to whom he would offer fishing advice voluntarily, accompanied by wise wagging of his nightcapped head.

The Colonel also laid claim to being an astute judge of mankind. An example of his alertness in divining the relation of the sexes is still vivid to the writer. A gentleman and his wife, with a bachelor friend, had been coming to Georgeville regularly for several summers. The married man would frequently take a highly prized terrier to the lake to wash. Of course the Colonel spied the act and broadcast it about the hamlet in this characteristic way and falsetto voice: "Always knew he was a damned old bachelor; there he was on his knees washin' that dog!"

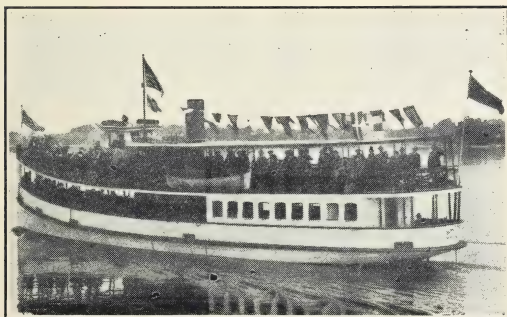
A C(P)ORKER OF A FISH TALE

This tale is not only fishy but its porky. In his young manhood, when living in Georgeville, Mr. John F. Tuck was fishing at anchor out from Packard Point one day. The longe weren't very hungry and John was lazily bobbing the handline, with his thoughts miles away, when suddenly there was a loud halloing from the fields back of the point. The fisherman thus rudely disturbed from his day dream looked towards the shore in time to see a pig leap to the lake from the end of the point and start swimming toward him. John wasn't long in making up his mind to catch pigs if he couldn't fish. But he had help in rounding up the runaway quadruped, the excited owner soon appearing on shore and rowing out to the rescue.

This fishing for pigs reminds the writer of the fun he



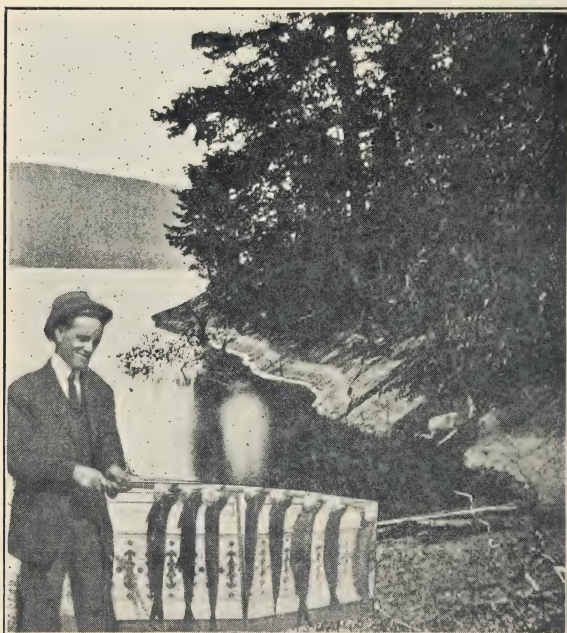
Lady of the Lake ready for Launching at Magog, in 1867
 Courtesy of John McEwen Mt. Orford in background



Steamer Anthemis leaving Newport with an excursion
 Photo by H. Richardson



The International Boundary Cut thru woods of Prov. Island



South Cove at Owl's Head when fishing was good
The Cove view is from a collection secured by Mrs. E. J. Hill in 1881

had catching "grunts" in the Gulf of Mexico, a few miles out of Sarasota Bay. This species of fish would emit sounds exactly like the grunt of a pig as soon as it reached the air.

Finally, in more recent years, Maggie Little held the championship among the fishing fraternity at the southern end of the lake. Maggie is now past the eightieth milestone in life's journey. Yet there's nothing remarkable about that when you consider that she comes from a race of centenarians, her mother having died in the spring of 1926 in her 104th year.

THE CLOSE SEASON FOR LONGE FISHING

Fifty years ago the close season for longe fishing was an exciting period. The latter days of October were anticipated with zest by many of the sporting element along the lake shores, from Owl's Head on the west and Bellmere on the east shores through to the Lord's Island region. In those days the longe were the predominant fish of that section. It was one of the most thrilling, and yet aggravating, sights to stand upon a bank or point at about sunset and watch large schools of those speckled beauties swimming lazily along so close to the shore that the fins of the big fellows would stick out of the water and, but for frightening them away, you could have reached them with your hands. I said the sight was aggravating—and it certainly was, to see such a fascinating display and not be allowed to catch them in some manner; but there were enough of the recklessly inclined who were not so punctilious in keeping inviolate this close-season law: and they were the ones that made the excitement.

The Canadian government had the shores patrolled and unlawful fishers when caught lost their boats and equipment and were subject to fines.

There are not many left now to relate the exciting adventures of those days—or rather nights, for it took a dark night for the poachers to operate. A lookout was kept busy watching for a telltale pinpoint of light, the creak of an oarlock that had not been properly oiled or muffled; then, there was the most critical of all the elements of danger in the adventure to look out for—the blurred outline of an officers' boat stealing around a point. If the sentinel that had been posted on this point hadn't had time to flash a warning, and the poachers were already spearing or netting the longe, then the quietude was broken by a mad scramble of both poachers and patrol to reach the shore. The former usually gaining the cover of the woods, willingly sacrificing their boat and outfit for freedom.

Lord's Island was the site for government seining, to strip the longe of their spawn for deposit in fish hatcheries.

Sad to relate, it is the exception rather than the rule now, to catch a lake trout. Aside from the unlawful seining and other unsportsmanlike modes of obtaining these fine specimens in wholesale lots, it is conceded that the fighting perch—which is covered with an armor of tough, scaly skin and a lance-like set of fins—is responsible for their steady depletion.

It is to be hoped that the salmon which the Lake has been stocked with in recent years will thrive and multiply, as they are one of the most gamey of species and can take care of themselves.

DIVISION IV—PART II

Before the White Man's Time

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN'S TIME

This Region was the Route for Indians in Making Scalping Raids Into New England—Major Rogers' Rangers Effective Avengers—Wigwam of an Indian Princess.



LONG BEFORE the stalwart Anglo Saxon first made his home in this region the Abenakis and Mohawk, Algonquin and Iroquois chased each other through these beautiful valleys, Lake Memphremagog in particular being one of the favorite getaways for Abenakis raids into New England, where ghastly reprisals were made for the scalping raids of the Iroquois. The massacres at Lachine and other Canadian settlements were avenged by atrocities at Deerfield, Haverhill and Exeter. Horror suc-

ceeded horror until in 1759 Rogers' Rangers swept like a fiery whirlwind through to the north, determined to exterminate the whole murdering brood. But few Abenakis survived that storm of death.

"But here how often rides the Ranger-wind;
To trembling aspens he now lisps of love,
Or grieving balsams to tears will move;
Tragic his tale the palid beaches find;
He, envious, sees the wooded peaks reclined
On the sweet bosom of the lake."

Throughout the land the strata have been shaken and changed by some Titanic force. Sir William Logan traced a line of dislocation from the Missisquoi Bay on Lake Champlain to Point Levis opposite Quebec, along which the wrenching asunder is equivalent to a vertical displacement of many thousand feet. More intense still must have been the energy that, along the westerly shore of Lake Memphremagog, raised such soaring peaks as Owl's Head, Elephantis and Orford, the latter being the highest land in Canada east of the Rockies. These mountains have been rocked by earthquakes, the most noted of which in modern times was in 1663, when the Indians, believing that their forefathers were coming back to their earthly hunting grounds, began whooping and making other frightful dins to scare them back; for, said they: "It's plain there's not game enough on earth for all of us."

OWL'S HEAD MOUNTAIN

Most Popular Recreation Shrine of the Memphremagog Region—Named for an Indian Chief—A Chamber-like Ravine Used for Masonic Rites.

Owl's Head mountain was named for the Abenakis Indian Chief "Owl," because his tribe thought the profile of its jagged peak resembled that of the chief's face when in repose.

The mountain rises a sheer wall of rock from the lake for many feet, continuing with varied timber to a height of 2743 feet, and the prospect from the top, which is split into several sharp peaks, is vast and beautiful. The immensity and grandeur of the scene is realized when one sees clouds floating beneath or may become enveloped in them; then, during an electrical storm the lightning flashing and the thunder rolling in the void beneath. When the sun shines forth again and glorifies Nature freshened from her bath, the clarified atmosphere brings plainly to view the distant points of interest.

In one of the chamber-like ravines on the mountain top is a Freemason's lodge room where the Stanstead lodge convenes annually on St. John's Day, and many a Mason has there been raised "in this house not made with hands."

The next mountain to the north is known as "Sugar-loaf;" this peak together with "Camel's Hump" making what is popularly known as "Elephantis." The conical and picturesque outline give a truly Alpine effect to the scenery.

Between Owl's Head and Georgeville the course lies over an unsounded abyss. Sir Hugh Allen failed to reach the bottom with his sea line of 1600 feet.

THE LAKE NAMED BY THE INDIANS

Lake Memphremagog was named by the St. Francis Indians and, interpreted, the name means "Beautiful Waters."

" 'Beautiful waters,' clear and bright,
This is the name when read aright;
Guarded by mountains here and there—
The Elephantis and the Bear;
Owl's Head in pride and beauty dressed,
Far up upon whose rugged crest
The Indian 'Owl' has left his trace,
Which heat or cold could not efface.
It still remains to guard this Lake—
The 'Beautiful'—for the Indian's sake."

WIGWAM POINT
HOME OF PRINCESS MINNEHAHA

The initial cut at the beginning of "Before the White Man's Time" is the drawing of an Indian camp on Wigwam Point, Georgeville

WIGWAM'S HISTORY NEARLY TWO CENTURIES OLD

On the east shore of Lake Memphremagog lies a valley of green fields upon which rests the village of Georgeville which has a history dating back to the days of the red men who roamed the wilds of Canada.

An Indian princess by the name of Minnehaha, and her tribe, had their wigwams on the point now called "Wigwam Point."

In the days of long ago Mr. McVey, a customs officer stationed at Georgeville, was married to an Indian woman

of some of the tribes near Montreal. This Mrs. McVey said she was well acquainted with this Princess Minnehaha, who was very beautiful and an expert in gliding her birch bark canoe through the sparkling waters of the lake.

Mr. McVey had a cottage on Channell street and later on this was bought by Thomas McDuff of Montreal who had it moved to Wigwam Point, thus giving the Point its present name.

The village of Georgeville commands a grand view of those lofty mountains on the west shore of the lake, which appear to stand as silent sentinels, guarding us from the many calamities which so often take place in the outer world.

DID THE CEMETERY GHOST MOVE THE MONUMENT?

In the outskirts of the hamlet is the village cemetery in which many of the early settlers are laid at rest. We noticed a stone marking the resting place of one Dr. Joseph in the year 1836. Beside this stone was a very imposing monument marking the grave of George E. Traver, a member of Mount Orford Lodge of Masons. Mr. Traver was a brother of the late Henry Traver, a respected citizen of Magog. For some unexplained reason this monument is not now in evidence; rumor says it was seen moving toward Magog. However, the monument is gone, but not forgotten, and the spirit of the late brother has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

DON A. BULLOCK.

DIVISION IV—PART III

Graphic Incidents of Two Notable Lake Region Characters

THE RECLUSE OF JEWETT POINT

"Uncle Riah" Jewett and his Visions of a Sea Serpent and Its Cavernous Lair Under Owl's Head—His Poetic Effusion—The initial drawing shows Jewett Point and Riah's log cabin; also the entrance to McPherson's Bay just around the point.



UNDOUBTEDLY the *genius loci* of Georgeville and vicinity was Uriah Jewett, who came from Lisbon, N. H., very early in the 19th century. Though he was a mile out of the village, yet he was so constantly in the place that he could well be claimed a citizen of it. He had naturally great oratorical powers and with proper educational advantages might have become distinguished in the walks of life. He had one great weakness, that for strong drink, which often brought "Uncle Riah" into most disreputable

situations. When under the influence of liquor he was liable to be the butt of mischievous boys, who would attempt practical jokes upon him. Where it came to a colloquial contest, Uncle Riah would evidently come off victorious; his gift for sarcasm was uncommon and when

aroused his sentences were biting, his tormentors soon subsiding with a feeling that somehow they had suffered an inglorious defeat, and filled with the conviction that he was a good man to leave alone in wordy battles. But Uriah was naturally good natured and when under the spirit of some exciting story he was relating he would pace up and down before his attentive hearers with eloquent and grammatical sentences rolling from his lips in rich tones and appropriate modulations he was most effective.

Chief among his many stories was that of the sea serpent. He had the reputation of being the discoverer of this reptile or fish or whatever class in natural history it may belong to. For a long time people believed Uncle Riah was simply lying out of the abundance of a sinful heart; but his narratives after a time became so circumstantial and his assertions so positive that they changed their minds somewhat and came to the conclusion that it was through the effects of too much firewater upon a weakened brain that conjured up the frightful apparitions and caused him to believe the tales he told. But his descriptions were most graphic, with locations and situations skillfully word painted.

Often while Uriah was alive Capt. Fogg would get him upon the steamer Mountain Maid to relate these stories to the passengers. A simple introduction, acknowledged with courtly grace on his part and then he would begin and astonish his hearers by the elegance of his language and natural grace of gesture.

One production of which he was particularly proud, being the only effort, so far as I could learn, that he ever made to express his ideas in rhyme. I believe the honor was conferred upon me of being the first one to place the lines upon paper, as they were recited by him after their

composition. In order to properly understand their import, a short explanation is necessary. A man by name of Hoyt, tall and very swarthy, came from some part of the United States and leased the hotel at Owl's Head and for a year or two catered to the summer travel at that place, but not proving successful in the venture he one night mysteriously disappeared and for several months nothing was heard of him. From the fact that his skiff was found floating on the lake quite empty, after a big storm, it was conjectured that he had been thrown into the water and drowned. Capt. Fogg, convinced that this was true, procured a small cannon and discharged it from the steamer deck, hoping to raise the body by effect of concussion. This and other experiments failed and thus ended his attempts to recover what was mortal of his brother-in-law.

A short time before Hoyt's disappearance he had bought a yoke of oxen from Mr. Jewett, and had failed to pay a cent upon the debt. I suppose that while the general belief of Hoyt's death was unquestioned, Uncle Riah took his loss philosophically, with that degree of charity which covers a multitude of debts on such occasions and which we all are expected to exercise at such times; but when it became known that said Hoyt was in Minnesota quite in his usual health, Uncle Riah's indignation fired within him, and the following effusion was the result:

"For fame and dear freedom I left my native home,
I came straight to Canada, Owl's Head for to roam;
The scenery is romantic, picturesque and grand,
The people of Canada were all very kind.
They trusted me with provisions, both butter and cheese,
My house filled with company, as full as you please;

They trusted me with money, two thousand or more,
I quick robbed their pockets and laid it in store.
I laid a deep scheme, 't was a pusillanimous game;—
I bought a yoke of oxen of one Jewett by name,—
Eighty-five dollars was the face of the note,
Put the money in my pocket and away I did tote.
By the side of Lake Magog I fired the big gun,
They might think me dead, and away I did run.
I took a quick dive, caught the serpent by tail,
His speed was like lightning, or the swordfish in gale;
My passage was through Owl's subterranean bluff,
I popped up in Minnesota with money enough.
Capt. Fogg and his men were all very kind,
They "grabbled" the lake, but no Hoyt could they find;
They laid up my coffin in a very safe place,
Intending to use it when I'm thru with the race.

By the side of Lake Magog and in a log hut
Here on Point Jewett I think I will squat !
The Indians invite me to dwell here with them;
My complexion well favors both the squaws and their men;
Yes, here I shall stay till old Cuty calls again!"

Poor Uncle Riah has long since passed over to the majority and left his worldly troubles behind. He died in Potton, where he had some kind of a children's school, very suddenly in a fit of apoplexy; and with his departure, singular to relate, has gone his sea serpent with its romance.

H. I. B.

Relative to this sea serpent tale there runs a legend that a creature of mammoth dimensions inhabited the waters of our lake; derived from the Indians doubtless, who formerly dwelt on the lake's borders. It is said they were so afraid of him that they dare not bathe in the lake for fear of being devoured by the monster. "How far this is true it is not for me to question; but that there was

some such idea or fear entertained by our forefathers cannot be doubted, as instances are by no means uncommon of people having seen what they could not account for otherwise than by attributing the phenomena to the antics of the 'Anaconda,' as the serpent was termed, and which was thought to have its cavernous lair under Owl's Head"—Thus writes one of the reliable pioneers.

A PROMINENT CENTENARIAN

Oldest Man in Province of Quebec—Builds His Own Tombstone, which Crumbles Before His Death—Very Temperate Habits and an Athlete.

ABRAM CHANNELL was the most aged man that ever lived in Stanstead County, and we have yet to hear of one quite so old dying in the Province, viz.: one hundred and five years. Some assert that he was 107; others even that he was 110 years. As the lesser age is the one put upon his gravestone that is probably correct.

Mr. Channell kept hotel during his life in Georgeville, some 47 years. His vigor was something remarkable. On his 75th birthday he took a run across the barroom and, giving a jump, planted his heels against the door as high as his shoulder, and on his 100th birthday he danced a jig to the accompaniment of a violin, just to show what he could do, though he admitted that it was rather violent exercise for a centenarian.

So far as I can remember he did not use tobacco and

must have been very temperate in regard to spirituous liquors. His appearance was most patriarchal, with a long, heavy, white beard and moustache, and skin wrinkled over thin cheeks, forehead, and well on to his bare head. If any of my readers ever saw an apple about two years old, not decayed but dried up and wrinkled, they can have some idea how Mr. Channell looked.

In early life Abram Channell had built him a brick tomb, with marble slabs in readiness to have the day, month and year of his demise inscribed thereon, for the information of succeeding generations. This mausoleum never served its purpose, for it fell into decay long before he died.

H. I. B.



DUNKELD

[Increase Bullock was inspired to write this poem by the beauties of the John Murray estate and summer mansion located on the highlands next south of Georgeville and bordering the Lake. This property is now owned by William, son of the late John Murray, of Montreal.]

The night storm rages wildly, yet 'tis fair on Murray's hill;
For through the sleet and gloom a cheerful light is seen to fill
The windows of a mansion, there erected, in good time,
And as fairly fashioned as any are in our Canadian clime;
And thereby rises, piercing even to the angry, rushing cloud,
A flagstaff, from which floats our English colors free and honored;
There nature hath been lavish with her favors, scattering, free,
Green sward and flowers, a gurgling brook, the apple and maple tree,
Woods, vales, glens, rocks, a tree crowned hill-beauty on every hand;
The farm's fair graces, picturesqued by nature's fancy wand,
And there a gentleman may live, and work, or take his ease,
And ladies fair raise flowers, or ride a-shopping, as they please;
Or, wishing a fair prospect, mount into the mansion's tower,
And see the village, lake, and cedars where the rabbits cower,
When on their track, eager for blood, the hounds in music cry,
And they, poor creatures, double on their steps, or madly fly;
And, summer smiling, see the Lady as she gaily sails,
See Bolton Cliffs, Gibraltar Castle, all the hills and vales
Of Bolton, passing Peasley's Corners and the copper mines
To far off Orford's forests, ravaged of her wealth of pines;
And Orford's bald-browed mountain proudly towering in the air,
Sublime in loneliness yet savage as a polar bear;
From thence the eye sweeps up the waters, marks each pleasant shore,
Back to the farm, drinking each aspect's beauties o'er and o'er.
Sweet farm, if not so lovely as ere yet thy trees were felled,
Yet thou dost proudly bear thy new historic name, DUNKELD.

DIVISION IV—PART IV

The Product of a Reminiscent Mood

A COLLECTION OF SHORT SKETCHES
OF AN ANECDOTAL AS WELL AS
HISTORICAL NATURE .

FATHER WINTER HAS AN INNING

A Regretful Adieu is made to Beautiful and Alluring Summertime, and Thoughts Turn to Giving Father Winter a Proper Greeting.



WE HAVE elaborated upon the beauties of the Memphremagog region when Nature is clothed in her gorgeous verdant robes, trimmed with the fair, nodding flowers and the glistening sheen of the silvery waters. But there is another side to Nature—"After the melancholy days, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere"—when she is just as wonderful if not so alluring; possessed with the divine instinct to cover disrobed Summertime with a man-

tle of snow as a protection against the blighting sting of Winter's frost. The lines my father wrote express better than I can the appearance of Dame Nature as young Winter approaches:

FROST

While yet the day dawn lingers
'Mong the waning stars,
Frost, with his ivory fingers,
Shuttle and warping bars,
Hath woven from the watery spray,
For the trees
A frieze
As marvellous as the marvellous day.

His warp and woof the smoking fog;
Uprolling from its fountains.
It hugs the fens and marshy bog,
Or shadows o'er the mountains,
In seething, foaming, vapory masses;
But in an hour
Frost's power
Hath weaved it into sparkling gases.

Spangles, winged poinards, diamonds, stars;
Glittering in their own light,
Or blazoned by the sun's quick bars,
Just risen from gloomy night;
In the cedar's scented arms,
Flashes the sheen;
'Tis seen

On pines that murmur solemn psalms,
And on the fragrant hemlocks green;
Firs, maples, birch, beeches
The magic splendor reaches;
And all things wear Frost's livery
Of creamed and silvered ivory;
A glory for the morn to kiss,
But evanescent as earthly bliss.

As it has in the years past, our northern winter offers many forms of pleasure to the young and vigorous and we do not need to den-up through this vital season. Not-

withstanding we "old uns" feel like flying south with—the other geese, yet we can remember when winter brought more joy than suffering.

Some of our "summer hotels," club houses and even camps are being transformed into all-the-year-round resorts; where the visiting sporting element and week-enders may come, be entertained, and take part in carnivals or health-giving winter sports of all kinds.

The Hermitage Country Club of Magog keeps open the year round, and many members and guests take advantage of the exhilarating life offered by the Memphremagog region's winter.

Leading citizens of Newport City are making special efforts to make winter life interesting and healthful to her young people, that they may be better equipped mentally and physically to cope with the affairs of life—effectually affiliating with their school athletics.

YE OLDEN TYME WINTER

The letter below, taken from an old scrap book made by the late Dr. J. M. Currier, reminds me of a winter in my boyhood days. We lived on a farm; my sister and I had to walk one mile to the Georgeville school. One crisp morning, after "Old Boreas" had been busy drifting a heavy fall of snow, father declared it would be impossible for us kids to get to school that day. However, after a spell of tearful pleading—declaring we'd not been absent a day that term—father started a "follow-the-leader" game, armed with a shovel.

To start with, the snow had drifted above the doors and lower windows on the front of our house and we had

to tunnel through to reach the road—or where the road was the day before, with no sign of a track that morning.

High and long drifts that were hard-packed enough to hold us we crept over on our hands and knees.

We may have been tardy at school that day, but “we got there just the same.”

Here's the letter that goes us one better:

Newport, Vt., Mar. 15, 1862.

MOST WORTHY SIR:—

The fall of snow in this region deserves a passing notice. We are literally in a state of blockade and so effective is it that the English Government have as yet made no complaints. In the woods where the winds would not effect it the snow is on an average of six feet deep, but in some of the roads and open fields we frequently find drifts 30 and 40 feet deep.

One of these drifts has been tunneled in Troy for a distance of some sixty rods, so that loads of hay, etc., pass through. A large drift at this place was excavated by a party of school boys, so as to make a room or cave 60x40 feet; the top was arched 18 feet in the center, and there was but one entrance, eight feet wide by twelve feet deep. In this room the Knights of Alabama, with their ladies, held a festival on a recent evening to the number of 180. Two tables were spread, by Capt. Pender of the Memphremagog House, the entire length of the snow room and furnished with all the luxuries for which that house is so famous. The room was illuminated by 12 hanging lamps, by the light of which we could fancy the fabled palaces of the genii. Everything passed off well and without the slightest accident. At 11½ o'clock one basket of

champagne was devoted to drinking the health of our M. W. Bailey of the Herald. After voting to appropriate \$20 for ten copies of the Boston Daily Herald the company retired to their virtuous homes and beds.

Fraternally yours,

R.

THE TRAMP PEST

In the early 70's, following the Civil War, the country contiguous to the international boundary was overrun with tramps and they averaged to be the most uncivil and degenerate of the hobo tribe—and would not have been countenanced by the present Inter. Ass'n of Knights of the Dustyroads.

We then lived on the farm, a mile from Georgeville and the same distance in any other direction from human habitation; thus the prevalence of the tramps struck fear to the womenfolk of our household. The hobo would time his visitation to a house by the absence of the men.

An incident of those days is vivid in my memory, although I was quite young. It was upon an afternoon late in the fall after the first flurry of snow when the sky is overcast and darkness comes early. It was the short period of the day when mother caught a chance to sit down and relax a bit, and my sister was busy with her school books. I suddenly burst in upon them and excitedly announced there was a big, ugly looking man coming into the yard; and right away there was a banging on the door. My whirlwind entrance and breathless announcement, together with her past experience with such visitors, had the

effect of preparing mother what to expect and she leisurely walked to the door and upon opening it was greeted by a most repulsive example of the hobo element. Shabby clothes cannot hide a manly face; but when a not only rough but foul exterior enfolds a plug-ugly of giant size, with a bloated pock-pitted mug, comparisons are odious.

He didn't wait to be asked what was wanted. His hasty survey of the room disclosing no menfolk, he demanded something to eat.

Mother was the last person in the world who would think of refusing food to a hungry person. She placed a good, ample meal before him. He looked it over but before touching it growled that he wanted some apple sauce. Said he'd seen the apple tree, out by the stonewall, filled with fruit and he just couldn't make out a meal without some apple sauce.

Horrors! Apple sauce from that tree which bears *bittersweet* fruit. Anyone with a mediocre of judgment would have been suspicious of apples that were left on a tree till snow flies. But the obstinate trait in the tramp demanded apple sauce.

By a flash of inspiration that came over me I decided that Mr. Hobo should have a taste of those apples. Giving a sly wink to mother and Sis I left the room, then hurried out the back door and picked a few of those bittersweet apples. Then warming them by the kitchen fire until it would appear they had been picked for sometime and kept in the house, I placed a handful of them beside his hoboship and told him to take 'em along with him for lunch.

He expressed no gratitude by word or gesture but kept on hogging his food. I was fearful he would take a bite of his applesauce timber before leaving—then what

would the bully do? As luck would have it, mother had laid out a supply sufficient to fill him up, and he did just as I had suggested—put the apples in his pocket.

We all drew sighs of relief, expecting to see him go. The food he had gorged was evidently taking effect, as a leering expression spread over his “mug” when he got up from the table, and turning to mother declared that “one good turn deserved another” and demanded again that she keep him over night, being as it was so late he wouldn’t have time to get to another shelter. Mother was game, however, and told him she had a large family and wouldn’t have room for him. He declared he would sleep in the barn, then, and if she objected to that he’d set the buildings afire. With this parting threat he left the house and started for the barn. Before he reached the outbuildings we saw him hesitate and glance up the road. What he saw evidently caused him to shuffle his mind, for he turned and started off in the opposite direction as fast as his ungainly legs would allow.

The “Cause” that changed the tramp’s mind came in the house a few minutes after and, upon hearing about the impudent visitor, would have followed him with a horse-whip if mother hadn’t suggested that the tramp if chastised would be more apt to return some night and carry out his threat.

More than one night’s rest was broken from fearing the tramp-firebug would be carrying out his devilish designs, as incendiarism seemed rampant throughout the farming sections of Stanstead and Brome counties.

EARLY SUGARMAKING

The process of maple sugarmaking in pioneer days would now be considered a decided hardship. The primitive sugarplaces were set with troughs, made usually from fir by cutting trees some fifteen inches in diameter into blocks of about two feet in length and splitting them through the center. These troughs held about a pailful and a good chopper would make fifty of them in a day. Large troughs, made usually from hemlock and holding from 40 to 50 pailfuls, served for storage. These troughs seldom lasted longer than through two seasons.

In the early part of the season the sap was carried in pails to the boiling place on snow shoes. The spot was generally near the center of some 200 or 300 trees. To arrange a boiling place the snow was cleared away a sufficient space, crotched posts were set and a pole laid across them for holding the large iron kettle. A large tree was felled to serve as foundation for a fire.

With these primitive arrangements the average yield of sugar for a season would approximate 500 pounds per sugar "bush."

LOST IN WESTERN DUNCANSBORO

When Newport had but very few inhabitants and was known as Duncansboro, and nearly all the western portion of the town was a wilderness, a Mrs. Ryder went into the woods one day for some purpose and got lost. Friends and neighbors searched several days for her without finding even a slight trace and had given up hopes of ever finding her alive. One day an Indian by the name of

Shipmos came along and said he could find her. He was shown the direction she took into the woods and he started off, followed by some of the neighbors. By carefully examining her trail with the Indian's instinctive sagacity he made a circuitous route through the woods for a long distance. He found her in the vicinity of Adams' Mills near the Troy line. She was alive but nearly famished and laid down to die. She recovered after several days of careful treatment.

When discovered Mrs. Ryder held in her hand a small butternut tree, which she had found in her rambling and carefully dug up, with the roots on. This tree was taken home, set out and still bears butternuts, standing a short distance north of James Maxfield's barn.

It is reliably reported that Mrs. Ryder lacked only a few days of being 103 years old when she died.

GALA BAYVIEW PARK

Some 45 years ago Bayview Park, that picturesque section just opposite Owl's Head, on the shores of Magoon Point, used to be the meeting place for many a joyous company.

A large pavillion was located there in which the Boston Opera Company staged the popular comic operas of the day. They would hold matinees there and evening performances at Newport, going back and forth on the *Lady of the Lake*. This arrangement was conducted several seasons. It was there I first saw "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," etc.

Also during the summer band tournaments would be

held there, with band organizations gathering from Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Barton, Lyndonville, St. Johnsbury and Newport. A circus never drew larger crowds. I was so eager to get there that it was no hardship to row a skiff 16 miles for the fun to be gained.

After the interest in this quarter had subsided the pavillion was moved on the ice over to the shore of the bay at the base of Owl's Head, and used by the guests of the Mountain House for dancing. Since the hotel burned this old landmark has been used for storage purposes by the campers and summer residents located in that scenic dell.

When the Spaulding house boat was on the lake the north bay of Bayview Park was its mooring quarters much of the summer. Mr. Spaulding considered it a sheltered and delightful haven.

A RACCOON SCARE

Did you ever hear the call of a raccoon in the night? If not, just try it for a thrill!

Upon returning from the village one evening it grew quite dark before I reached the farmhouse. Suddenly out of the stillness of the night came a mournful cry like that of a lost child, calling "Mama, mama!"

There was a long stretch of cedars and spruce in the upper pasture back of our house, which I was near enough to see, and it looked terribly dark and forbidding to me that night; the mournful, helpless cry came right from those woods, and I was sure some child was lost in that dreadful place!

I ran the rest of the way home and finding mother

and sister I breathlessly told them to go to the door and listen to that child crying up in the woods. After hearing it they were as startled as myself. We called father to listen and after hearing the long-drawn wail of distress he coolly said, "This is a good night for a coon hunt."

POTATO WHISKEY

For many years through pioneer times potatoes formed the principal crop, some farmers cultivating ten acres, others twenty, thirty or forty acres, with an average yield of 150 to 200 bushels per acre. The potatoes were manufactured into whiskey which then brought from 40 to 50 cents per gallon in the markets; a bushel of potatoes generally yielded about a gallon. In some instances the whiskey trade was profitable; but its general tendency was to exhaust and blight the prospects of the early settlers.

THE TRAGEDY OF LONG BAY

Long Bay, as a branch of Lake Memphremagog, extends northeasterly from Whetstone Island about two miles. Its average breadth is three-fourths of a mile. About the year 1848 a transient man by the name of Sprague, coming from Vermont, appeared to be partially deranged, but was known to possess some \$3000 in bank notes which he carried about his person. He spent several weeks alternately at Stanstead Plain and Georgeville. Sometime late in the summer he left his boarding place at "The Plain," as was supposed, to go to Georgeville, but

was never seen alive afterwards. In the following spring his body was found floating in the deep water of Long Bay. He had doubtless been waylaid and murdered. There was a deep cut in the neck and wounds in different parts of the body. Weights had been fastened to the body with silk handkerchiefs, but the stones had worn through their covering and dropped, releasing the body.

Different parties were suspected and legal proceedings instituted. Two or three men were arrested, and the public mind was strongly impressed with the belief of this guilt, they were discharged, the chain of circumstantial evidence not being considered complete.

SOME EAST SHORE DISADVANTAGES

The east-shore settlers and their neighbors—Lineboro, Brown's Hill and Cassville—had no grist- or saw-mill accommodations nearer than West Derby and the nearest blacksmith was at Brownington. The Eastshoreites had to row up the Lake to Duncansboro, shoulder their bags of grain and carry them two miles further to the mill. While the pioneers of Cassville, Brown's Hill and other neighborhoods, had to shoulder their grain for breadmaking, etc., and tote six miles through the woods to Fitch Bay, thence by canoe about 18 miles to the head of the Lake, then another tote of two miles to mill.

The men usually took their turns in doing the milling for the neighborhood; each would carry his bag to Fitch Bay, then one of their number would take the canoe route to Derby Landing, near Newport, and carry the bags one at a time to the mill. By the time he arrived with his

second bag the first would be ground; thus by carrying both ways he generally succeeded in accomplishing his business and returning the same day.

In building their first houses they had to work at equal disadvantage, for, having neither boards nor nails, they had to adz logs for floors and cover their cabins with bark or fasten shingles with wooden pins, as they best could. Glass windows were a rarity.

The lands in the northern part of the towns of Cassville and Brown's Hill were at that time—1800—unchartered, and the settlers went on and made improvements without negotiating for titles to their farms, supposing they would be allowed to retain them on account of their early settlement. In the meantime the authorities at Quebec, having little knowledge of the estate of affairs, had made grants of these lands to Sir Robert Milnes and others connected with the administration of the government. It was not until about 20 years later that the claims of the actual owners were enforced. The owners, or their assignees, were generally fair with the occupants, setting their lands at their supposed value in their wild state, varying from \$1 to \$4 an acre.

STOVEPIPE CITY

Relative to the derivation of that euphonious title of the snug little Newport "suburb" resting picturesquely on the eastern shore of the East Bay, in the shelter of towering Pine Hill (now styled Glen Road), the following is related:

This little settlement has sprung up since the railroad reached Newport in 1863. Many of the settlers went

there because they could buy a lot for a small sum, build themselves a small cottage, raise their own vegetables and live happily. The settlement has thrived since the beginning. It is said the name of Stovepipe City was applied to it because the residents could not afford brick chimneys—therefore run their stovepipes up through the roofs. This explanation is incorrect and libelous. I have known the place since its origin and never knew of but one stovepipe running up through the roof and that one was the old picture gallery drawn over on the ice from Newport.

The second theory as to the origin of the name is curious and yet there is more reason for its application. John Hill, who lived in that settlement, was a very honest and industrious citizen. x x x John was good natured and agreeable, and the mixing of his French and English was entertaining. John used to fatten a pig every autumn, but one year his pig was small and John didn't feed it very high, hence the porker did considerable squealing—every farmer knows that squealing pigs do not fatten. To the question as to how his pig was growing John would reply:

“Wal, he's growin' purty wals, he grows some, he's small pig; he's not a large—wal he grows good deal—grows leetle—wal he's purty good pig!”

By some benevolent act John became the possessor of a silk hat and he was a great church-goer. He'd put on that silk hat and walk off every Sunday to church with great dignity. No man could carry off a hat with greater dignity nor more grace than John Hill. Sir Wilfred Laurier could not vie with him.

It was John Hill's stovepipe hat that named “Stovepipe City.”

J. M. C.

DERIVATION OF THE NAME "STANSTEAD"

The name "Stanstead" is of Anglo-Saxon origin. From the Imperial Gazetteer it appears that three places in England bear the name of Stanstead. It was from one of these places that the Township of Stanstead, and subsequently the County, derived its name.

Forest & Clearings relates the following: In 1792 Lower Canada was subdivided into districts, counties and townships. Previous to that time the territory of the Eastern Townships had been the hunting and fishing grounds of the St. Francis Indians.

The survey of Stanstead was begun in that year and completed in 1793. There is a legend handed down from the early settlers to the effect that, while at this work, the surveyors were in the habit of mixing more whiskey with their water than was consistent with strict temperance, and finding it difficult sometimes to keep either themselves or their compass at equilibrium, were accustomed to talk to the instrument, telling it to "stand steady;" but, owing to their too frequent potations, were only able to articulate "standstead!" and that this circumstance gave rise to the name of the town."

When formed the Township of Stanstead included the villages of Stanstead Plain, Beebe Plain, Rock Island, Georgeville, Fitch Bay and the Lake Shore, which latter district embraced Glines' Corner, Griffin's Corner, Marlow, Ruiter's Corner, Magoon Point, Brown's Hill, Cassville, Boynton, Amy Corner, Newville and Caswellboro settlements.

DIVISION V

DRAMA

“A Midsummer’s Gala Day”

"A MIDSUMMER'S GALA DAY"

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG



A PLAY

WRITTEN BY INCREASE BULLOCK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALANTON—A retired sea captain, owner of Bellmere

COMMODORE WITEMAN—A half-pay naval officer

CASHENFELT—A rich bachelor wishing to marry Elonore

MORDAUNT—A student in love with Elonore

ADONIS—A son of Alanton

ALPHONSE—A son of Com. Witeman

MON. FORTUNE—A humorous Frenchman

EMELINE, Sister of the student

JEWETT

STRANGERS

PICNICIANS

MISS ALANTON

ELONORE

MISS WITEMAN

ROSE ODELL

PEOPLE

ETC., ETC.

"A MIDSUMMER'S GALA DAY"

A Play which will be interesting to those familiar with the Lake, as the scenes are laid about the Memphremagog Region.



CENE I—RITCHIE'S POINT

A fine morning in July. Ladies and gentlemen in small boats playing round just off a beautiful sand beach between two points. Picnic on the shore in the shade of the trees. Steamer passing on her way to Knowlton Landing; on her deck a party dancing to the music of a violin. Enter Mordaunt on the point east of the sand beach, who views the scene with a sad countenance. Enter Elonore, who starts at sight of Mordaunt and is about to withdraw, but is de-

detained by Mordaunt.

Mor. Well met, my charmer. Do not fly!
 Good fortune sends you here. Yes, my
 Good fortune. You do tremble so!
 My darling—do not go.

[Falls on his knees before her]

Elonore. O sir, my father—

Mor.

Kill me rather,

Adorable one, than keep me still
In doubt to know thy maiden's will;
Whether I've won the blissful prize
That now doth fill my longing eyes;
Speak, let me know my fate.

Elonore. Rise, Mordaunt, you must wait;
Your studies are hardly finished yet,
And I'm so young—my father's pet
I am, indeed, and nothing more.
Rise, I came here to see the shore
Viewed from this promontory.
The scented pines beneath Love's story
By and by is soon enough. See!

[She looks off at the steamer passing]

The steamer!

Mor.

Am I then a dreamer?

My suit do I then press too fast—
Too soon, I mean—

Elonore.

Fie, let it cast

No sorrow what I say nor doubt.
What charming views I see. Look out,
Mordaunt, over the wide spread Lake.
It glistens, glows, this lovely morn;
Ah, many things I see adorn
It.

Mor.

I regard them for your sake.

Elonore.

Across lies Georgeville. There's a spire
Or two tow'rd heaven are seen
To flash their glittering sheen,
Rising among the maples higher,
Much higher than their tops. There ring

Mor. Lovely fair!

Mor. Fair lady, I see't in your een,
And it is charming!

Mor. 'T is so, indeed, I trace
It in your lovely face.

Elonore. Across a bay,
Still farther away,
Beyond that point land, lies
My father's summer paradise,
Bellmere. O sir, I cannot tell
You all its beauties—glen and dell,
Walks, road, a park and garden—O
Hast e'er been there? Ah, you should know
There's nothing like it round these shores
Of beautiful Memphremagog—List!
Did I not hear the dip of oars?
Close in under the cliff, sir—whist!

Mor. I'll shield thee from all harm,

- My darling, lean upon my arm.
Elonore. I am not done.
No fairer place is 'neath the sun
Than our Bellmere. And onward still
Across another bay,
In front an island is Fern Hill.
You've seen it, I dare say?
Mor. I know just where it lies.
I see it in your eyes.
Elonore. Glenbrook is farther on,
Snuggled between some rocky hills
And the shore's sand we walk upon.
Thence, looking o'er the water, fills
Your staring eyes the grim Owl's Head,
The Mountain House at foot. 'T is said
No more romantic rock glens greet
The eye than at this wild retreat.
A home that mostly wiles
You when the summer smiles
And July burns you with its torrid heat
Mor. As love burns in the heart.
Elonore. Now, from the Owl we start,
And trace this way the Potton shore,
Wild wooded mostly, to the hoar
Mount Elephantis, where disport
The hills, and neat, therein,
Fogg's Sebastople is set in;
A splendid sugary around,
And a fair trout pond within sound,
So they do tell me.
Mor. It is true;
But not so fair, sweet one, as you.
But to my eyes naught's fair but you.

Elonore. Most picturesque of all
 This opposite shore, where noiseless fall
 (Yonder, I mean, across the bay)
 A skiff's oars in the blue still water.
 'T is decked as one a lovely daughter
 Decks in green, blue and colors gay;
 In pearl and gem on sky laid silks.
 Upon the shore a maid who milks
 A gentle cow—the farm's near by.
 The fishers' boats, thickly they lie
 At anchor. With a noise and fuss
 The steamer passes them and thus
 I hear the captain: "Bring your catching—
 The wharf!—I'll pay all they are fetching."
 Then puffing steam and clanging bell
 The steamer makes her landing. Well
 She crowns the pictures bright
 I have been drawing for your sight.

Mor. Divinely painted, O my sweet!

[Tries to take her hand, she withdraws it.

Elonore. I hasten now my father to greet.
 Heard you not some one calling?

[Exeunt different ways.

[Enter Rose Odel.

Rose O. I'm sure I heard the falling
 Of footsteps. Where's this Elonore
 I wonder, my sweet mistress? More
 Than a half hour I've tracked her round
 And listened for the sound
 Of her fairy feet;
 O 't is a treat!
 Her father's mad as any hatter,
 Or feigns it to please Cashenfelt.

Rol de rol da! and that's the matter.
Had he but courted me I'd melt
In a most charming way—
Fol de rol da!

[Enter Adonis and Alphonse in light summer-dress and wearing large brimmed straw hats.]

Adonis. Is it a nightingale we hear,
Charming the air with song?

Alph. To Rose Odel, it would appear,
These trilling notes belong.

Adonis. Rose Odel? I thought the skies had fell,
And the music of the spheres
Was filtering through their tears.

Alph. Why, here's a rose and not in bits,
All rose, and how the color sits
Blushingly on her rounded cheek.
I'd taste its fragrance.

[Kisses her after a struggle.

Rose O. Sirs, I seek
My mistress Elonore;
Hast seen the lady Elonor

Adonis. Why girl, she's there upon the sand beach,
Is she not, discussing a sandwich
With Cashenfelt.

Rose O. O no, no sir;
Your father sent me to seek her,
For Cashenfelt—

Adonis. Well, what of him?

Rose O. Is cross.

Adonis. Why then your feet should skim.

Rose O. Aye, one would think to see him scowl,
A storm were brewing.

Adonis. You're an owl.

Rose O. And so my master, said he, "Rose Odel,
Where's Elonore?" I looked; 'Ah well,'
I said, 'the Student's gone, too.' "Fly
And find them, bring them here," he said;
And, like a fawn's, my feet have sped,
Or as the fleeting wind goes by,
My Elonore to find,
To find, to find.

{ Exit Rose Odel.
Enter Miss Witeman and Miss Alanton,
wearing bands of running hemlock
about their brows.

Miss A. Young gentlemen, you're wanted at
A council.

Miss W. O 't is not a yacht
Race, though they say 't will be so funny;
A skiff race, if the weather's sunny,
At Georgeville.

Miss A. And the Commodore's
To be the umpire.

Miss W. One man at the oars,
And one with paddle, in each skiff.
That is the order of their going,
They say, in this prospective rowing.
Come, gents, the council 'neath the cliff
Is sitting, on the sanded shore,
And wait your coming.

Alan. Alp. Pleasures pour
Their blessings for us on all sides.
Lead, we follow; as husbands brides.

[Exeunt all.]

SCENE II. SAME PLACE

Cove between two points. A little streamlet running down towards the Bay. Cedars fringing each side. Poplars and white birches in the background. Birds singing in the trees. Adonis and Emeline sitting by the brook, she now and then dropping pebbles in the water while he talks to her in a low voice.

{ Enter Mon. Fortune,
 { whistling, twirling a cane.

Mon. F. Ma foi, dis one bonne place pour faire d'amour, Partout, all roun', les belles filles, les beaux homme; ils make love evr'whare. I go pass par le pin, somebody y fait aimer; et je viens ice, encore aimer, Mon Dieu! Plenty des oiseaux alentour. O bien bel charment. Toujours la belle amour—ma foi!

{ Enter Cashenfelt and Jewett
 { in earnest conversation.

Jewett. I care not a fig for your offer; we don't do things that way here.

Cash. What mean you, rascal!—

{ Discovers Adonis and Emeline
 { and bows and smiles.

Pardon, madam, and gentle sir.
 No, lady, rise not, do not stir;
 Enjoy your blissful tete et tete;
 O, could I find my lady mate,
 To pass here, too, the blissful hours;
 But love, today, has thorny bowers
 For me. Hast seen fair Elonore;
 Say, can you tell me, Adonis,

- Where may the maiden be?
 Mon. F. La madmoiselle je se
 Avey le jeun homme, what's this
 You call, le Student, very soon,
 Not long, lentement faisants, sur une
 Belle place la grande promenade;
 Il faut que vous prenez gaurde
 Monsieur.
- Cash. Sir, take good heed
 Of your advice I have no need;
 In words as civil as I knew
 I asked this fisherman to do
 Me a small favor.
- Jewett. Honor bright!
 Cash. But he and you both from my sight
 I spurn. Adonis, will you go
 With me to find your sister? No?
 Your father wants us her to send in
 To where they play there on the beach.
 I wish to scold not, nor to preach,
 But where's this foolery to end in
 Of Mordaunt and fair Elonore,
 Playing the truants on this shore?
- Adonis. To be outspoken, it would seem
 To end in love, or else its dream.
- Cash. For others love, for me its dream;
 'Tis time, sir, for the family peace,
 That this romping and folly cease.

{ Enter Mordaunt, Elonore, Alphonse,
 Miss Witeman, Miss Alanton; the
 ladies covered with vines of running
 hemlock and with wild flowers;
 and the gentlemen carrying in their
 hands branches of hemlock and
 other trees.

Mon. F. Voila! charmant. Pardons, mademoiselles, dis one leetle brook vous envite come wash perspire.

} Offers to conduct them to the
} brook, which they decline.

Cash. Fair Elonore, you truant play
Continually this charming day;
I've scarcely seen you at the sand beach.
Where is your father, and a hand each
Has taken in the row and swing;
What keeps you from the happy ring?

Elonore. The morning's freshness, Cashenfelt,
The rock and trees, the scenes that melt
Into each other as you see
On every side so charmingly.

Cash. Humph! sentiment. Come hither maid;
Beneath a pine the table's laid
Not far off by the rocky shore.
There's fruit and wine, and a nice store
Of bread and butter—merely a lunch—
The morning Herald, but no Punch,
For mental food. You should repair
There for your father's in despair
At your long absence. Will you come?
The boats will e're long return home
And you'll be faint. These pleasant things
I fancy will take timely wings,
Are you not coming?

Elonore. Hear them drumming—
The partridges. Please tell my father
I am not hungry and would rather
Feed on the beauties of this grove—

The songs of the birds, the violet's breath.
The fragrance of the cedars that love
To wear their green—it knows no death—
The sweet, delicious morning air,
All much more than the city fair!

Cash. Fudge!

Mon. F. Monsieur Cashmore, sar, quel dit? I ene well
un'stand, mais la demoiselle est si belle—assoy-
ez vous (to Elonore) voulez vous?

{ Elonore sitting down on the
bank beside Emeline

Elonore. Thanks, you are very kind.
There's room here, if you have a mind
To sit, Miss Witeman.

[Miss Witeman takes a seat beside Elonore.]

Cash. Like the wind
A woman is in thought and mind.
She wont, she will, and as she chooses
She will oblige you or refuses.
Good morning (turns to go).

Jewett. Sir, the maiden seems a woman of sense.

Cash. Ho! to your fishing, blockhead—hence!

Jewett. Ha, ha, he, he! It shall never be;
I came into the world in a hurry,
May have to leave it in a flurry,
But you, not even you, shall do it,
I'll not be hurried through it.

Adonis Gentlemen, and ladies fair,
We'll meet our father. Let us pair;
Monsieur Fortune and Elonore;

Mordaunt, Miss Witeman—pass before—
 Alphonse and Emeline, while I
 And our friend Cashenfelt the rear
 Will bring up. Come, the moments fly.

Alph. And as we go let's give a cheer,
 Fair ladies, gentlemen,
 To the goddess of this glen!

{ All cheer gaily as they
 } arrange in order as pro-
 posed and marching sing

Miss W. We'll march in time
 sings To the silvery chime
 Of the bluebird's song so clear
 Whose music floats
 In such merry notes
 From poplars afar and cedars near.

Chorus. Ho! let us sing as we pass along
 In praise of this glen and the bluebird's song.

Elonore Thy sylvan goddess flings
 sings. The bluebird's gala wings
 The brooklet as it sings
 The cedars' scented rings
 The sunlight which here clings
 In mellowed glitterings
 Through openings in the cooling shades
 To spell and hold us in these glades.

Chorus. Ho! charming this glen and the bluebird's song,
 We'll sing to their praise as we pass along.

Emeline The birds and the brook
 sings. The leaves that shake
 In the breezes take

Love's form and ever look
From out their eyes
As stars in the burning skies.

Chorus. Same as above.

Mon. F. Begar dis von beau temp
Allons marche en avance !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. SAME PLACE

Sand beach. Ladies and gentlemen on the shore enjoying themselves in various ways. In the shade of some trees are Allanton, Com. Witeman, Cashenfelt, Miss Witeman, Miss Allanton, Adonis, Alphonse, Mordaunt, Mon. Fortune, Jewett, etc., etc.

Allan. Elonore !

[Casting on Elonore a severe look.]

Elonore. Yes, father ?

[Elonore advancing timidly.]

Allan. Dost ken the time ?
Where hast been romping all these whiles ?
I dare say flirting; as this clime
And place were sacred to Love's wiles,
That only. Maiden, did I wrench
You from the city's dust and stench
And bring you here—Dost hear ?

Elonore. Yes, father (meekly).

Allan.

Elonore!

As I sit here I'll have no more
Of these soft follies. Cashenfelt!
With you have I not honorably dealt?
Go, take the maid out for a boatin'
In one of those white skiffs there floatin'.
Sir Student, have a care to know
The tree on which your duties grow;
And wear a gentleman's crown;
Else, sir, by heaven, I will frown!

Mord.

Honored sir, my hand;
I shall obey your high command.

Mon. F.

Mon Dieu regardez. L'homme no good
paddle, c'est vrai. Il make drown la belle
fille. Ca!

Jewett.

I should think the feller had driv the boat on
to the back of the Anaconda, and the critter
was "swinging around."

Com. W.

The Anaconda. Do tell us about the Anacon-
da, Mr. Jewett.

Mon. F.

L'aconda! vell, I did hear he swallow one
man, Le varmint!

Com. W.

Yes, the Anaconda, Jewett.

Jewett.

Well, it's an old Indian legend, but true as the
gospel. I call the critter the sea sarpint. It's
a snake, but not all snake neither. It's awful
powerful though. The Indians daren't bathe
in the lake for fear of being devoured by him.

Alph. What may the snake be like—
 An eel, or a pickerel pike?

Adonis. A sucker, or a possuk dull?
 I've heard his head was wonderful.

Jewett. Well, shall I tell you wherein it is like some of
 the heads of our young men now-a-days?

Alp.& Ad. Yes, say on.

Jewett. Because it has long ears.

Alp.& Ad. And does it bray?

Jewett. No, but it snorts and yaps.

Adonis. But I see not where this argument comes in.

Alph. Nor I. Where does it, sir?

Jewett. I have n't said; but if the shoe pinches your
 foot, scratch it.

Adonis. What; the shoe or the foot?

Jewett. As you like.

Allan. Ha, ha, ha! Well, go on.

Jewett. I was once on the lake. It was a dark night,
 till the moon rose. A man was with me in a
 skiff. We were going to the Mountain House.
 We had a little grog with us, of course. We
 were feeling pretty well, when the sea sarpint,
 all at once, came up to the top of the water,
 astern, and gave us chase. We were close
 under the Owl's Head shore. Well, he ran us
 aland in spite of all we could do.

Com. W. Aland! How was that?

Allan. Why didn't you fight him?

Jewett. Fight him! Fight the devil! 't was enough
to sight him.

Alph. So you paddled your boat
 As fleetly and light
 As a man took his coat
 Who ran from the sight
O' a stump in the field brown and bare
And thought it was a great black bear.

Adonis. Discretion is of valor
The better part.
Who would not flee death's pallor
When he aims his dart?

Jewett. You've hit a vein of good sense, young man;
but it's more by hit than any good wit:
 "He who fights and runs away
 Will live to fight another day."

Com. W. Ha ha, ha! Well, get on with the Anaconda.

Jewett. The moon shone out suddenly very bright
and sure enough there was the sarpint in full
view, making up along side of us, not more'n
ten feet off. If we slacked he slacked; if we
went fast so did he, as if to let us know he'd
got us now as safe's a thief in a mill, and could
make a meal of us at any time he liked and we
couldn't help ourselves.

Adonis. O, then was the time
 You thought of the clime

Where the sulphurous regions blaze,
 And if you were only at home
 You never again would roam
 In sight of the monster's gaze.

Alph. Well, if the snake so walked or ran
 As you went slow or fast,
 How the deuce did you—tell me, man,
 How did you clear him at last?
 And I'd like to know, upon my soul,
 If he wore a head so very droll.

Jewett. Half horse, half aligator was his head.

Alph. So I have heard it said.
 Frol de rol rol,
 Pretty birdie, pretty pol.

Jewett. Hark! who can tell a story while so much
 yapping is going on? Yap! yap! yap! (talks
 to himself and walks about)

Mon. F. O mon Dieu! la demoiselle est tombe sur de
 l'au. Vite! la sauver.

{ All look on the water of the bay,
 where Elonore is seen strug-
 gling in the water, and Cashen-
 felt hanging to the overturned
 boat.

Allan. (In alarm) Who'll save my daughter?

Mord. (Stripping off his coat) God willing, I
 Behold me, sir, to the rescue fly.

{ Strikes out for the boat and seiz-
 ing Elonore as she was about
 to sink, swims with her to the
 shore amid the cheers of the
 onlookers, while some drag in
 Cashenfelt.

Com. W. Manfully done, most noble youth !

Allan. Well, that is my sailor boy; and, truth
To say, you've merited and deserve
Anent your admiral to serve
On board our family ship. Young sir,
Anon I'll speak you more of her,
And then you'll find my heart's been right,
Howe'er it seemed unto your sight.
I ever offer like a lord
To things a suitable reward;
And well I know that naught can fill
Your hopes but yielding to your will.
Make no reply but get you ready—
Aye, all who're here, wild youth and steady
Old folks—ho! let us to the skiffs,
And bid adieu to these old cliffs.
At Georgeville there's a busy sound
Of preparation going round
Expecting us to guide the race
That's to make noted that rural place.
Ho, to the boats or saint or sinner,
For o'er there waits us, too, a dinner.

[Exeunt all.]

SCENE IV.—GEORGEVILLE HARBOR

Com. Witeman's barge, gaily decked with flags and streamers. Com. Witeman, Allanton, Cashenfelt, Adonis, Alphonse, all the ladies of the preceding scene. People on the shore. Several skiffs enter the arena and start for the race. They make the first northern boundary, when a skiff, till then unseen, shoots out from behind the point, rowed by a man disguised in a loose calico frock, and a straw hat slouched over his eyes. With a few powerful strokes the unknown contestant brings his boat alongside the foremost of the rival skiffs, and thus maintaining his position with ease until the southern buoy had been turned when he shot ahead and came in victor; then disappears behind the stony point whence he came, amid the shouts of the crowd on the shore.

Com. W. Zounds! who's that man?

Allan. The stranger wins.

Com. W. He begins
Mysteriously, and so retires;
As if his great ambition fires
Him to enact the unknown hero.

Allan. Adonis, man a party! Here! ho!
[Shouts to those on shore.
Some of you hie around those rocks
And see where went those yellow locks;
[Then addresses his own people.
I vow, so very like they were
To the Student's—has he not such hair?

Cash. A mottled gray—

Miss W. Auburn, I think.

Miss A. You're neither right, 't is in my sight
A glossy brown.

Alph. As sure as I do water drink
The student's hair is golden bright.

Adonis. Now, all of you may silent be,
There's none can tell, but one fair she,
What color wears the Student's hair.

Com. W. I do command the lady fair
To appear.

Emeline. By light of these fair tresses { Stroking Elonore's
The Student's locks seem not { head with her
a brown, hand.
For see; as oft as my caresses
Do smooth these ringlets down,
Mordaunt's thereby do burn and glow
A golden yellow round his brow.

Allan. Speak, girl; what say you, Elonore?—
What hubbub there is on the shore!

Elonore. To him who says his hair is gray
I'd have no farther word to say,
For is his soul not dull and drear
That makes good things so bad appear.
Auburn, and glossy brown, and bright
Golden, are all fair to the sight,
And more, are neighbors to the truth—
Hair golden yellow wears the youth.

{ Amid the shouts of the people
Mordaunt is conducted on
board of the barge.

Com. W. Well, sir; how's this? Why enter you
The lists incog?

Allan. Parbleu!

Young man, twice in one day you seize
Fair fortune, an she will or no,
And make her sail with favoring breeze;
Take off that hat and calico,
And show your hair; (removes hat and robe)
I' faith, it's yellow.

My stars, you are a lucky fellow;
For I proclaim in hymen's band
The lady shall give you her hand
Whom you shall choose, if it be this one,

[Points to Elonore.

For nobly you the maid hath won.
No fuss, nor flurry—see her blushing!
Go, drink her love, while it is gushing.

{ Mordaunt takes Elonore in his
arms and kisses her passionately.

Cash. Attention!

Allan. Be quiet, sir:

Your forty, while the girl's in teens;
And, were your eyes not in a blur,
They'd see at once what all this means,
The lady not only does not love you
She loves another, who is above you
In mind and youthful qualities;
To these, from Mammon, Love e'er flies;
Go, take a lady that in years
Will match you and save many tears.

Cash. But you did give me hopes your daughter—

Allan. Cease! When she struggled in the water
You lost your right to her, while he,
That youth, then gained her gallantly;
Had he not saved her, and full soon,
None of us would own her this noon.

Cash. True, from a watery doom
He saved her—could I room
Find in my heart—

Allan. 'T is providential;
If she loves not her lord a wench will
Most surely play her secret pranks
That bringeth shame. Then give me thanks,
And let the young brood please their eyes.
Shake hands, old fellow and be wise.
} Cashenfelt reluctantly
} gives his hand.

Cash. On one condition I'll be friends;
Allow me, sir, to make amends
By giving of my store a dower
To Elonore—a marriage dower.

Allan. Why then the maiden's doubly wed;
Thanks, thanks, sir; blessings on your head;
It make me glad to know th' affair
Will set thus lightly—as the air.

Adonis. We crave your blessings, too, my father.
[Adonis leads Emeline to Allanton.

Allan. You, sir! The same thing o'er and ever:
Fond youth will love and love will burn
Till marriage chucks them in her urn.
Go to! You're welcome to be tied;
This night, even, a groom and bride,

With those other fond cooing doves,
 You may be shapen at Bellmere.
 Ho! Commodore, our early loves
 Renewed again; the scene is fair,
 E'en to old eyes—Adjourn! What ho!
 Unfurl the sails. Away we go.

{Exeunt all.

SCENE V. BELLMERE. NIGHT

Hall well lighted. Ladies and gentlemen, richly attired. A marriage ceremony. Priest at an altar. Adonis and Emeline, Mordaunt and Elonore married; Alphonse and Miss Witeman attending. Com. Witeman, Allanton, Mon. Fortune, Jewett, standing by with others. Enter a stranger, richly dressed, of noble presence and a foreign air.

Stranger. Friends; who, of all here whom I greet,
 Will tell me whose this country seat
 As fair as the Elysian land,
 And if here love spreads his wand,
 And fairies dwell? for so divinely
 Sits night—her starlight, moonlight finely
 Blended—o'er all this lovely scene
 Without, while here the glittering sheen
 Of chandaliers, and ladies' eyes,
 And dresses in cerulean dyes,
 And youth and maiden looking so
 As heaven were sitting on each brow;
 And manhood smiling happily,

And dames as charming as the sky,
And music, like the heavenly spheres,
And, mid some starting, joyful tears,
A priest in robes, and each surrounding
Showing some joy were now abounding;
All say that love sheds here his beam,
And fairies dwell;—or is't a dream?

Allan. Whoe'er thou art, or whence you came
I know not—all the same to me;
You seem a noble manhood, be
It passport here; and in the name
Of Hymen, welcome to his joys;
For you guess rightly, here Love toys
Tonight, and these the couples tied;
Two sets of happy groom and bride;
This country seat I call Bellmere,
And I'm its lord. This wedded pair
I introduce; they are my son
Adonis and his Emeline.
Mordaunt, the Student, he has won
My daughter, Elonore, with fine
Fair words, and acts as fine and fair,
For, sir, I'm bound to let you know
Much that's god-like sits on his brow—
These are the wedded, two youths soft,
And maidens two, so fair and sweet.
Believe me, sir, you will not oft
Fairer among the fairest meet.
And now 't is time to change the scene,
For Terpsichore, with pleasure keen,
Awaits us in another place,
And the old night creeps on apace

Stranger. I pray you listen. Emeline?
 Mordaunt? These two are children mine
 If but he her owns as a sister—
 My God! full many a time I've kissed her—
 My darling one!—I sailed one day
 From England's shore for India;
 And, with their mother, drowned in tears,
 Left them, in their sweet tender years,
 This son and daughter. In the gale
 Of the world's winter drifting wild
 They soon were reft of mother mild,
 And naught from me could them avail
 For I had nothing—years went by;
 At last my fortune happily
 Gave me great wealth; and then to see
 My children, if it so might be
 They lived, and crown them with the gold,
 I sail'd, but found no home. They told
 Me, those who thought they knew full well,
 My sweets had sail'd o'er the ocean's swell.
 Their mother dead—and all the rest.
 Forthwith, on the same ocean's crest,
 I followed ever on their track,
 And here I find them. Now what lack
 I but their fond love to be blest?

Allan. Go, children, wipe your tearful faces,
 Give him your filial embraces,
 Mordaunt and Emeline.
 Truth, honor sits in every line
 Of his old longing countenance.
 Embrace, then away for the dance.

[They embrace

Stranger. Here is a deed for you, my son,
Of half a London street. You've won
A wife whose worth and loveliness
Are greater crowns and more will bless
Than gold or stocks, or rented blocks;
Give her your hand, and let your heart
Go with it, till you death shall part.
My daughter, you shall have of gold
Enough to keep you, e'en though old
In years you grow to mind the whirl
Of life. Kiss me again, my girl.
Now, gladly, I can live or die.
Pardon, kind sir;

Allan. The moments fly !
Noble stranger, come, we will see
If fortune smiles for you and me
In this establishment tonight
Where all is so gay and bright.

Mon. F. Vite 'allons a la dance,
Engleterre et la France.
Allons; allons;

Com. W. Why, this all Arabian Nights?

Miss W. I never knew things take such flights.

Miss A. It really does seem a pretty romance.

Rose O. And I will bet a
Verbena that the moon
Will fall down soon.

Jewett. The moon isn't made of green cheese,
Nor a hammer without a head.

Com. W. Ha! Now explain that, if you please;
Why is it so?

Jewett. I haven't said.

Allan. Ha, ha, ha, ha; bright as ever;
Come, friend, we'll drink our health and never
Give o'er till day has chased the night.

Com. W. That is, if he can stand till daylight
Shall shine through the morning so bright.

Jewett. If I can't I'll do as the Jews did
When they, by the waters, the news hid
Of Zion, and hung their harps in the trees
To make a sad moan in the breeze;
I will lay myself soberly down
And that I am conquered will own.

Allan. Well done. Now, my friends one and all,
Let's go; it's time to greet the festive hall.

Cash. A moment stay. Since you no more
Want gold, here's a diamond, Elonore:
Its mate for Emeline. Their light
May sparkle and keep ever bright
This happy time—and now good-night.

Allan. A splendid fellow! Come friends,
Feasting begins when the wedding ends.

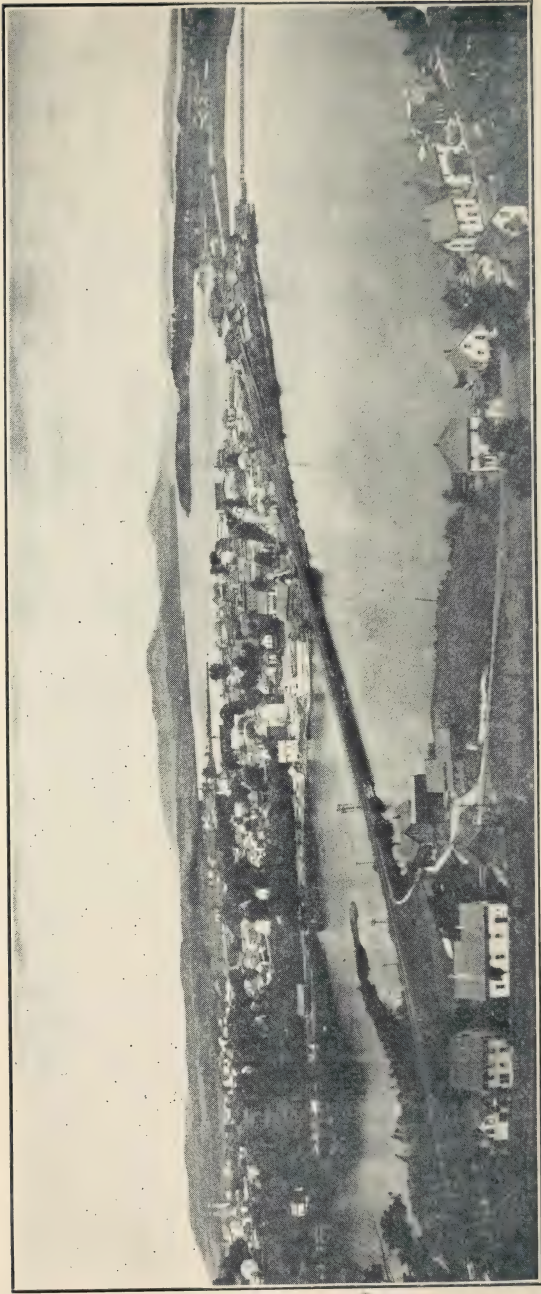
[Exeunt all.]

A TRIBUTE TO
LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

"O vale and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies: fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
O! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears,
and prayer."



Sunset on Lake Memphremagog
Photo by Mrs. Bullock



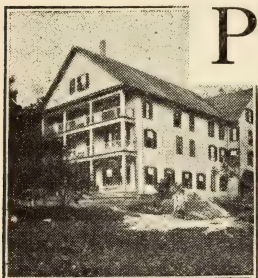
Panoramic View of Newport City on the Peninsula; showing the three bays and the main Lake
Photo by E. L. Chaplin

DIVISION VI

Memphremagog's Hotels

MEMPHREMAGOG'S HOTELS

*First Hotel in the Lake Region in 1810 at Georgeville;
Develops into The Camperdown in 1855—Initial Cut
used here is from a view of the Mt. House taken in 1881
when E. J. Hill of Newport was manager.*



PROBABLY the first public house about the lake was at Georgeville built by Richard Holland from Cape Ann, Mass., in 1810, where he remained four years; selling to Abram Channell, who conducted it until his death, 40 years later. This hostelry, after some remodelling, became the well-known and popular summer-

resort hotel, "The Camperdown"; drawing a full house the entire season each year from prominent people in Boston, New York, Montreal, Quebec and other cities. For upwards of 25 years, until fire destroyed both the old and new buildings, George Merrick was landlord, a most genial, kind hearted and benevolent gentleman.

About 1812 Levi Bigelow, after spending some time in trade at Massawippi, came to Georgeville and bought a hotel from Joshua Copp, which he conducted until his death. Particular emphasis was paid to his sign and the sign post. The post was painted from the ground up to

the arm in a brilliant red, thence to the graceful top in snowy white. A golden sphere shone at its summit. The sign was oblong, with ornamental ironwork about its perimeter. A lion, rampant, with tail curled over its tawny spine, ornamented its center, and around the inner edge in gilt was the legend: "Union Hotel, Levi Bigelow, Licensed to Sell Spirituous Liquors."

THE CHATEAU DA SILVA

A summer-resort hotel was built at the Revoir Clearing, a beautiful slope on the west shore, about three miles north of Perkins Landing, by a Frenchman from Montreal during the 70's. It bore the high-sounding title of "The Chateau da Silva." This place was conducted but a few years when it also was destroyed by fire. Mr. N. A. Beach was its manager. He will be remembered by many Newport people while he was in the lumber business in Derby during the latter years of his life. Earlier in life Mr. Beach owned a fine farm and a beautiful residence a few miles south of Georgeville.

THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

About 1855 a hotel was built on the bay at the base of Owl's Head mountain, which was conducted successfully by James Hoyt for a few years, when it was burned to the ground. Later a much larger one was erected on the point by Miles E. Knowlton, and for a time managed by Mr. Hoyt. This was remodelled a few times. In 1882

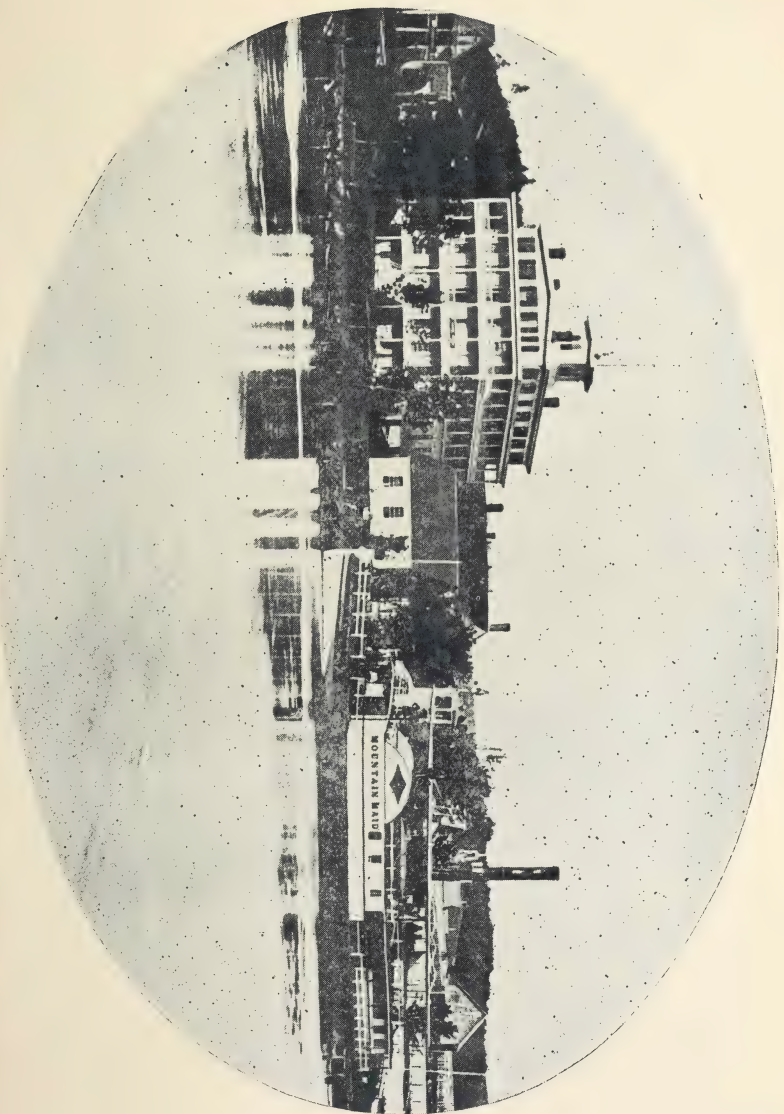
when Mr. Emmons Raymond owned this hostelry, Mr. E. J. Hill of Newport was manager for a season. Its last owner, Mr. C. D. Watkins of New York, made the addition of an ell, giving the hotel 400 sleeping rooms. This very popular resort was also destroyed by fire about 30 years ago.

THE MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE

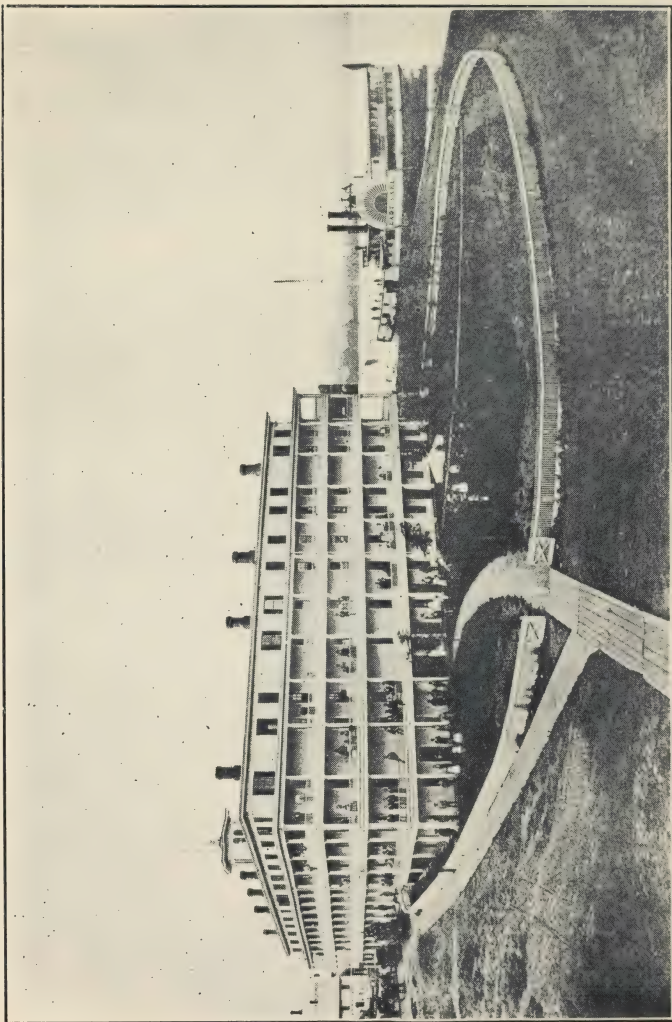
This once popular summer-resort hotel also succumbed to the fire demon but a few years ago. Frightful fate! Every resort hotel about the Lake has been burned! The Mountain House and Camperdown were the only hostelries to be rebuilt a score of years ago; but they were burned the second time, and no capitalist has shown the courage to try the third time.

All the Lake hotels have figured prominently in aiding the development of the Memphremagog region and it is with regret that we note their passing.

In his report of the Proceedings of the Orleans County Historical Society of 1911-12 Dr. J. M. Currier, Secretary, had the writer print, among other reports, in pamphlet form the following history of this noted hotel: "Commencing at the log bridge spanning 'The Narrows' and going east the first building was the old original Memphremagog House (this was as it appeared in the 50's) with the two-story addition on the east end built by Phineas Page, proprietor. It stood on the same level as the present Main street. Many of the neighbors advised him not to build any addition as it would involve him in debt and the rooms were not needed. But after putting up the addition his custom increased and his extra rooms proved



The Mountain Maid as she first appeared in 1854, at the old mud-sill pier opposite what is now Lane avenue.
The large building at left is first section of Memphremagog House before the eills were added



The Memphremagog House in 1883, in its halcyon days
Courtesy Goodrich Library

a good investment. He was a very genial landlord and Mrs. Page was an excellent landlady, adding as much to the hostelry's reputation as her husband. She was a very benevolent and philanthropic woman; as an example of her kindness and bravery—when she learned that teams occasionally dropped through the ice, she obtained a long rope and kept it in a secure place for use in a rescue when such accident occurred. Indeed, she was always on the watch to do good in time of need. Mrs. Page was the mother of the first wife of Mr. John A. Prouty of Newport, and grandmother of Hon. Chas. A. Prouty and Gov. Geo. H. Prouty.

In 1858 the Memphremagog House was sold to Samuel and Simon D. Pender, who immediately commenced remodelling the old parts and erected the four-story central part of the future structure. In 1869–70 the old parts of the original house were demolished and the west wing was built onto the central part. North and east of the old sections the land was swampy and the denizens of a frog pond would serenade the guests. West of the hotel there was a long open horse shed, with a dance hall in the second story, extending to the hotel stables. These two buildings stood exactly on land where now (1812) is located the brick block of E. Lane & Son."

Soon after the completion of the Passumpsic Railroad to Newport in 1863, said road came into possession of this hostelry and fitted it for the accommodation of its summer tourist travel more especially, adding the four-story east wing in the same style of architecture.

Nearly or quite 500 guests could be accommodated, and in those days—and up into the 80's—the house was filled with city visitors. It became one of the fashionable hotel resorts in New England. This famous house has

also entertained royalty. June 17, 1866, Sir Hugh Allen escorted the following dignitaries to Newport in his pleasure yacht, Orford: His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of England; Sir John Young, Governor General of Canada; with ladies; all registered at the Memphremagog House. The signature of Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was also on one of the old registers.

The coming of the Southeastern Railway, with its tracks laid close to the hotel in passing to the station, was called one of the causes of decreasing the charm of the hotel, the noise and sooty smoke from the trains being very annoying to the guests who were in quest of restful and quiet localities during their holidays.

As was stated by W. E. Bryant, night editor of the Boston Journal, some forty years ago, who came to Memphremagog for many successive summers to spend his vacations, and invariably planned to arrive in Newport on a week-end and enjoy a social recreation among other congenial guests at the Memphremagog House—in publishing the experiences of his trip in the Journal of Aug. 28, 1882: “The traveller finds the Memphremagog House one of the finest hotels in New England.” Also in the same article, in commenting on the attractiveness of Newport, says: “Mr. Emmons Raymond, president of the Passumpsic Railway, has expended a large sum of money in Newport. He has constructed water works which supply not only the hotel with pure drinking water, but also very many of the villagers. He is now completing a large greenhouse on the summit of Prospect Hill where he expects to raise sufficient grapes to supply the hotel table. Mr. Raymond is over 70 years of age, but is more energetic than most men at 40. He keeps a sharp eye on the management of the hotel; he looks carefully after the

Passumpsic Railway; he keeps an eye on the Mt. House located at the base of Owl's Head; he looks after the big steamer Lady of the Lake, chartered by the Pass. Railway Co.; and, as an old lady remarked: 'He's all over the lot at once.' Mr. Raymond feels an honest pride in the improvements about Newport and the lake, and, although materially he may never realize much from his investments, he is foresighted and public-spirited enough to do something to benefit the next generation."



NEWPORT'S FIRST TAVERN

Newport's First Public House was Double-Log Style, Built by Seymour Lane; Remodelled in 1832—Its location was on the road leading from Mark Joslyn's to Coventry

On the 23rd of May, 1822, Thaddeus Tuttle of Burlington, Vt., sold to Seymour Lane of the same town one equal undivided third part of 1000 acres of land in the town of Coventry for \$350. Cephas Robinson purchased the other two-thirds. In the autumn of the same year Seymour Lane and his nephew, William Robinson, eldest son of Cephas, came over from Burlington and settled on the lot recently purchased. They built a double log house on the east side of the road that leads from Mark Joslyn's house to Coventry Falls. In a few years a good framed house was substituted for this log house.

On May 1, 1823, Benjamin Hinman of Derby gave a quit claim deed to Seymour Lane for \$100, of the lot of land in Newport on which his son George R. now resides; containing by estimation 50 acres. At that time there was but a small patch of land cleared and on it (at the west side of the road which ran through it) stood a log house, with long pine shingles on the roof, with an oven and a fireplace built of stone. The corduroy road through the swampy land east of the house and the old path to the north as it passes up the hill through the woods, are plainly seen today.

Seymour Lane was born in Burlington, Feb. 6, 1788. He married Hetta Robinson Jan. 1, 1815. In the year 1823 he moved into the log house just described. A slight depression on the old site marks the spot today where Seymour Lane with his wife and three young boys commenced to keep the first tavern in Newport. Two apple trees are left of the old orchard which furnished cider the year round for the family board. The butternut tree which still stands (1888) a short distance south of the old cellar hole, Mr. Lane brought on his back from Potton, Que., and set out, where it continues to bear.

The tavern sign was a turned ball about 18 inches in diameter, with an arm extension bearing the proprietor's name. One version of the first sign painted is the following: One day when the Lanes were absent certain mischievous boys made a sign worded "Lane's In(n)" and nailed it to a post in front of the house. When the occupants returned Mrs. Lane was indignant, took a cudgel and knocked down the sign, exclaiming loudly "Lane's Out"!

The county road that passed Lane's Tavern was one of the routes to and from Canada, travelled largely by smugglers from the Province. Governor Williams and prominent business men used to stop here to transact land business with the early settlers.

When Orville Daggett was married he and his bride spent a portion of their wedding day at this tavern. They arrived in a springless wagon—the box sat directly upon the axle; but the ardor of love was not lessened by rough roads nor clumsy vehicles. That wagon was the first and only one at that time in Newport.

Hiram B. and Augustus A. Lane were born in this house. The attic was never finished off inside and when

there was a driving snowstorm the snow drifted in upon the boys' beds and in the morning they would awaken at the bottom of a snow drift.

In 1832 Mr. Lane built the house where George R. Lane now lives. He continued to keep tavern in the new house until public travel opened up across the bay between Derby and Newport and it became more convenient to stop at Lake Bridge.

About that time this locality was the center of business in the town. The postoffice was kept here, the Congregational church was here, Dr. Thos. Glysson, the town's first physician, had an office on the south side of the Burlington road, about opposite the intersection with the county road. Hiram Lane and William Bowley kept a store nearly opposite Lane's Tavern.

At an early date Mr. Levi Field settled on the farm where Mr. Hollis Daggett now lives. He was a blacksmith and because of his limited means he did not build a shop at first, but erected his forge near the road and his anvil on a stump. One day a man came along on horseback; his horse having lost a shoe he inquired of Mr. Lane where the blacksmith shop was. Mr. Lane replied, "you are in his shop now, but you will find the blacksmith and his forge down the road about two miles." J. M. C.

DIVISION VII

Minerals

The Islands

Topography

THE ISLANDS

Fifteen or Twenty Beautiful Emerald Gems Dotting the Radiant, Silvery Bosom of Memphremagog—Some of the largest Under Cultivation and Stock Pastured.



EGINNING at the Inlet, or head of the Lake, we find HORSE-NECK island around Indian Point, and in near Lindsay's Beach. This is principally used as a rendezvous for fishermen and picnickers. Latterly owned by the late Frank E. Miles, of Newport. This initial drawing is from a view of Horse-neck island taken at the east end of Knowlton Bluffs, among the birches; but a portion of the island is visible.

PROVINCE ISLAND, lying partly in Vermont and partly in Canada, contains about 100 acres, mostly cleared and improved. Was the property of the late Carlos Pierce, later by Andrew C. Zabriskie of Newport, and at present by B. C. Howard of Sherbrooke. To the east of Province island lies TEATABLE, practically a solid rock show-

two or three feet above water, with slight growth penetrating from the crevices; being perfectly round the diameter of this curiosity is about 40 feet. Still further east and near Eagle Point are BLACK and BELLE islands, each about 20 acres in size. Prof. Adams, formerly a Newport school teacher, owns Belle Isle, while the St. Johnsbury Canoe Club owned Black Isle some years ago when it was known as Kittredge Island.

WHETSTONE ISLAND, near Magoon Point, contains about 40 acres, some 25 of which have been cleared and improved. It derived its name from a quarry which furnished whetstones equal in quality to any imported oil stones. This has been the property of the Newport yacht club for several years, for rental purposes to summer campers.

SKINNER'S ISLAND, opposite Magoon Point and near the eastern shore. Ten acres in size, rocky and barren, principally a granite ridge—a reef of which extends to Minnie island, a distance of about twenty rods. Skinner's Cave, said to have been the smuggler's retreat, is an opening in a granite ledge above highwater mark and extending some 60 feet into the ledge; about eight feet high and eight feet wide.

MINNIE ISLAND, containing about half an acre, rocky and barren, was long the fishing ground of David Heath.

LONG ISLAND, near the eastern shore and opposite Judge Day's estate, contains about 40 acres. It consists of a long and broken ridge of rocks, the south part of which is granite. The surface is in some places thinly scattered

with dwarf pines and shrubs. It is a place of resort in the blueberry season. Upon the southern extremity of this island is located the historic "Balance Rock" of legendary fame, which is a granite boulder of some ten or fifteen tons so delicately poised upon a high ledge of the same kind of stone that a light touch will set it to rocking.

ROUND ISLAND is located in the center of the lake about 100 rods south of the Owl's Head steamer landing, and contains about 10 acres. The surface is broken and covered mostly with white birch and dwarf pine. Indian tomahawk edges and a fish hook made of copper have been found on this island. Dr. D. A. Pease of Hartford, Conn., has built a summer home here, facing the west.

MOLSON'S ISLAND, containing about 50 acres and near the eastern shore, opposite the old Boynton farm, is broken and uneven. A portion has been cleared and improved. Mr. Molson has built a house and barn thereon and the premises furnish a good sugar orchard.

LORD'S ISLAND contains about 25 acres, mostly cleared and furnishing good pasturage. It lies midway from east to west in about the narrowest part of the entire body of water, about two and one-half miles north of Georgeville. Stephen Lord made the first clearing and improvements, erecting a house and putting in a seawall. A delightful beach and sandbar extend from the east shore nearly one-fourth the distance to the main land. It has been a favorite retreat for picnickers because of a good bathing beach. In the interior is a large ravine crowded with blackberry bushes, which yield plentifully a large luscious variety.

EAGLE AND THREE-SISTERS ISLANDS are small and lie within a few miles of Magog.

MINERALS

There has been at times considerable mineralogical interest in the lake region. Gold appears in various places on both the east and west sides, and has been taken from surrounding streams in fine grains and nugget form. Bog iron ore, lead, nickel and copper are found, although not developed to any extent.

There are also in evidence deposits of pyrites, chromium, manganese, magnesia, plumbago, mica and asbestos. Nickel is found in Orford and copper along the west shore.

Several large quarries have been worked, extending from Georgeville to Magoon Point. Between Fitch Bay and the southwest boundary of Stanstead township there have been extensive developments of superior granite.

TOPOGRAPHY

Roughly speaking Lake Memphremagog lies one-third in Vermont and two-thirds in Canada, within the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec; the latter being so called because laid out in territorial subdivisions of townships to the east of the old seigniories which had been granted to French subjects by the King of France long before Canada had, by conquest, become British territory. The lake occurs in the high region formed by the

continuation of the Green Mountain range from Vermont northward into Canada. The highest peaks are to the north and west. The average altitude of the district is probably 1000 feet above sea level. The locality is of great geological interest aside from its scenic beauty. The country is more or less of a mountainous character throughout, and shows the general characteristics of the changed rocks of the Appalachian chain. Orford mountain, at the northern end of the lake, is one of the highest in eastern Canada, having an altitude of 3,363 feet; Owl's Head, 12 miles north from the Lake's head, on the western shore, rises 2,743 feet. The location of the mountains from south to north, bordering the Lake's western shore, are: Bear, Haystack, Mansonville, Owl's Head, Elephantis, Bolton and Orford.

The general belief in the Lake's length is 30 miles, although some earlier reports stretch it three miles further. The widest place is four miles, from the west shore to Lindsay's Beach.

The tributary rivers and streams of the Lake are:—Barton, Black, Clyde, John's and Cherry rivers; and Marlow, Lewis, Gale, Taylor, Lee, Rollins, Perkins, Ward, Tuck and Thompson's Mills brooks. Magog river is the only outlet; this river, with a northeasterly course of about 20 miles, forms a junction with the St. Francis river at Sherbrooke, and thus the surplus waters of Lake Memphremagog are conveyed into the St. Lawrence river.

DIVISION VIII

HISTORIC ECHOES

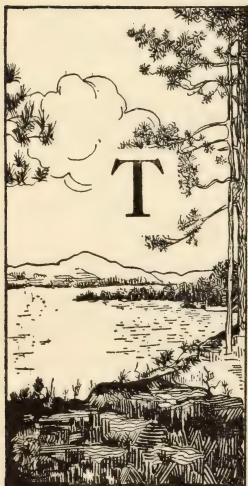
REVERBERATE

Interviews and Notes of Interest

HISTORIC ECHOES

Since arranging the detailed settlement articles much other information has been obtained—Post Riders of 1800—Brome Co. Museum—Interviews with ‘Oldest Residents’

MAILS AND POSTAL ROUTES



THE FIRST mail route opened in this part of the country was from Wells River to Derby Line in 1812. Previously the towns upon that route had been supplied by a post rider, who came to Derby Line twice a month, and, as his business increased, extended his trips through Stanstead, Barnston, Hatley and Compton. He was employed in circulating the Green Mt. Patriot and North Star, then published at Peacham and Danville respectively. These were practically the only newspapers read in the settlements for many years, and the sight of a Quebec or Montreal paper was a very rare occurrence.

Mr. C. F. Ranney favors us with the following:

"In 1816 the nearest postoffice was at Brownington on the hill. The correspondence of the early settlers was not extensive, but the only means of postal accommodation was secured by rowing up the Lake, through the Narrows, up Barton river to what is now East Coventry and then climbing the hill on foot two miles to Brownington.

Silas Brigham was postmaster. His chief clerk and the one who handled the postoffice business, largely, was Amherst Stewart, father of the late Judge Stewart of Newport. Occasionally the people crossed the Lake and went to Derby Line for their mail.

In 1836 the first postoffice in the town of Newport was established in what is known as the Lane District and Seymour Lane, the first postmaster, held that position until 1841. In 1843 letters from foreign countries might be delivered at port of arrival for six cents, but if conveyed to other places there was a fee of two cents additional. Postmasters might now enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person and frank the letter if written by himself.

From 1845 to 1851 Phineas Page was postmaster. Messrs. Smith & Sias had built a tavern at the Lake Bridge in 1833, on the site of the Memphremagog House, which was bought by Mr. Page, and upon his appointment as postmaster the office occupied a corner of his barroom."

BROME COUNTY HISTORICAL MUSEUM

The Brome County Historical Museum at Knowlton, Que., is a most interesting place to visit. Among the

nearly 400 articles catalogued are a few relics found about the Memphremagog region.

An important and interesting exhibit is a large coffee mill that was brought into Bolton by Nicholas Austin, the patent bearing date of 1797. This mill was operated by a waterwheel on a brook running near Mr. Austin's barn, at The Outlet, now Magog, and was used for years to grind the corn grists of the settlers. The donor of this exhibit was Mr. Harvey Austin, grandson of the first settler about the Lake. Further mention of this incident will be found in "Modern and Pioneer Magog."

Another article on exhibit is a tomahawk found on the Potton shore of Lake Memphremagog, near the site of the first residence of Isaac Brown. It is said that three of Roger's Rangers in their flight from the Indians were by them captured in that vicinity.

Several relics of the old Coolidge house that was built in 1800 at Knowlton Landing are shown. It was the early home of Rev. Dr. Rexford's mother. They are: a fire-place bread toaster; hand-made nails, and the first door knob ever used in Bolton.

Two tomahawk edges and a fish hook made of copper, found on the shores of Round Island, are among the relics. They date back to the time when the Indians used to know how to temper copper. This ore was procured along Memphremagog's western shores.

PIONEER NEWPORT VILLAGE NOTES

The Village of Newport was organized in 1864, the first meeting held April 30th, electing the following officers: Moderator, Phineas Page; Clerk, Royal Cum-

mings; Trustees: Lucius Robinson, John A Prouty, Phineas Page, Luther Baker, Lewis H. Bisbee; Collector, Geo. W. True; Treas., Geo. C. Merrill.

The first sawmill was built in 1862 by J. C. Stimpson and afterwards bought by John A. Prouty, who had moved from first settlement to a site on Tarrant Cummings' place on West Hill, near the Richmond farm.

Second street was opened at about this time—1864—and the first newspaper was established by C. C. Spaulding, with an office near the site of present freight station, afterwards moving to Coventry street into what was later the Gokey house.

January, 1880, the first veneer mill was built, on the site of the present Frost's Veneer Seating Co.'s property, by J. A. Butler, Jr., which inspired the growth of quite a respectable hamlet at the west side of the village, which came to be known as Batesville, named after the builder of the Bates block.

HOUSE MOVED NINE MILES

A decade ago D. A. Bullock of Georgeville built a cottage for summer habitation on a point just south of Perkins' Landing. A few years later a large tract of land, including the lot on which his cottage set, was sold. Then Mr. Bullock gained possession of one of the Three Sisters islands near Magog and moved his cottage one winter on the ice to this isle. I believe this is about the longest distance on record for house-moving in the Lake region.

GEORGEVILLE'S ANCIENT CEMETERY

When submitting a corrected list of summer homes and camps, Mr. A. Clark, Mgr. of the Memphremagog Navigation Co., also added:

"I presume it is hardly necessary for me to give you any information about Georgeville, for I am sure you know more about it than I do. However, I would like to draw your attention to a few objects of interest you may not know about. I refer to the old graveyard on the hill, overlooking the village. One is impressed by the names early associated with this section of Quebec and Northern Vermont. The tombstones bear such names as Bullock, Ives, Perkins and so on—I could name dozens dating back to 1785. One quaint epitaph particularly attracted my attention; very beautifully engraved in script upon a marble slab, bearing a date in 1796, is the following:

"Look on this tombstone, passerby,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

Should you wish for the name engraved on this tombstone I could let you have it later on—just now it is three feet under snow."

COVENTRY FURNISHES NEWPORT WITH
ITS FIRST TWO CHURCHES

The Baptists organized the first church in Newport in 1817, with 11 members; several affiliating from the Coven-

try church. The first church edifice in town was built by the Unionists in 1846; the site being a little west of the old E. L. Tracy farm, where the C. P. R. track now crosses the highway.

The house next east of Lane's Tavern, on the county road (as described in the article, Newport's First Tavern) was built of logs—the residence of Sam'l Warner and where Augustus A. Lane now (1888) resides. In that log house was organized the Congregational Church of Newport, in February, 1831. Many of their meetings were held there as well as at Lane's Tavern. The seven charter members came from the Congregational Church at Coventry, from which they were dismissed by request in order to form a church by themselves "in the wilderness." The first regular pastor was Rev. Reuben Mason, installed in 1837.

Thus Coventry furnished Newport the nucleus of the first two religious societies.

At first the Baptists and Congregationalists held their meetings alternately in the schoolhouses in Districts numbers one and two.

WHEN "SI" PENDER NEEDED HELP

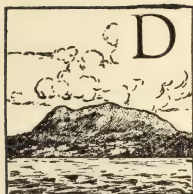
When the track of the Passumpsic Railroad Co. was being laid across the "Narrows" highway bridge, travel over it was suspended for several weeks. There was quite a space where the planking had been taken up, leaving nothing but the stringers. Pedestrians passed over the bridge but had to walk on the stringers. One evening Asahel Glines and "Si" Pender had occasion to pass over the bridge. When they came to the spot where the planks

were missing Asahel could walk on one stringer all right, but Si undertook to walk on two stringers at the same time and he fell between them into the lake. He was frightened, and made unearthly yells for help. Asahel went to him and told him to stop his d——d noise, or everybody in the village would be down here. "That's what I want," yelled Si, "I want somebody to get me out of the lake!" Asahel wanted to get him out alone without letting anybody know of the incident; but he stuck to his stringer to save himself from going under the water, while parties from the Memphremagog House hearing the outcry, rushed down and pulled Si to safety.



OUR INTERVIEWS

WITH THE LIVING EARLY RESIDENTS OF
THE MEMPHREMAGOG REGION



DESIRING to freshen my memory of old scenes and associations I enjoyed a trip down the Lake this summer of 1926 on board the steamer *Anthemis*, finding Mr. A. Clarke, manager of the Memphremagog Navigation Co., as alert as ever in running his craft to suit the accommodation and pleasure of his passengers.

With Mr. J. F. Tuck of Knowlton Landing

Stopping at Knowlton Landing we had the pleasure of an interview with the "Grand Old Man" of the Memphremagog region, Mr. J. F. Tuck. From his alertness you would be surprised to learn he has passed his 91st birthday. He has a fund of information relative to early affairs about the Lake and we enjoyed an hour's reminiscent talk. Sitting beside the old gentleman upon his wide, slightly piazza, which commands an enchanting panorama of the Lake, Gibraltar, Sargent's Bay and the beautiful rolling country back of Austin's Bay, where the pioneer, Nicholas Austin, first pitched, it was hard to realize that his fine, roomy house had been built just about 100 years ago. The material is of brick which were made at a kiln

on the lake shore, within sight of the house, and are in such a perfect state of preservation and retaining their natural deep red color, that you would say they were of recent make. This was the house in which Mr. Tuck entertained many city guests throughout the summer for many years up to a few years ago.

In his years of well-earned rest and retirement Mr. Tuck is blessed to have the fond care and companionship of his maiden daughter, Miss Mattie Tuck.

THE REBELLION OF 1837-'38

Among Mr. Tuck's memoirs given the writer were some adventurous incidents of the Rebellion of nearly a hundred years ago.

The Insurgents had planned a simultaneous attack on all the towns and villages along the frontier of Lower Canada and some parts of Upper Canada, on some night in January of 1837.

About 100 men, principally from Stanstead and Barnston, were mustered at Rock Island with the intention of burning the village of Stanstead Plain. While a scout was reconnoitering to ensure safety for their advance their ardor began to cool until finally one after another the company began to drop away; and before daylight all had disappeared. The invasion of Potton, however, was not quite so barren of results. A party of about 35, the most of them residents of Potton, had gathered at North Troy, and being there joined by a few reckless sympathizers, and led by a desperate character by the name of Hadlock who had resided in Stanstead, all armed and provided

with sleighs, drove into Potton with the intention of robbing the volunteers of their muskets. They commenced at the house of a very quiet man, Charles Hand, who lived near the line. He surrendered his musket, as it was useless to resist 30 or 40 armed men. They next called at the house of Ralph Elkins who lived two or three miles from the line. Salmon Elkins and his wife, an aged couple, then lived with their son Ralph whose two sons were volunteers. Like truly loyal British soldiers they refused to surrender their arms to a set of lawless brigands, and with their father, repaired to the upper loft of the house. The lads planted themselves at the head of the stairs, with their weapons loaded, and the father with a heavy bludgeon placed himself on the stairs, ready to strike down any one who attempted to come up, if the boys missed fire. For some time no one ventured to ascend. In the meantime threats were made outside of firing the building. At length the foolhardy Hadlock said with an oath that he was not afraid and should go up. He had no sooner stepped upon the broad stairs than both of the boys fired and the contents of one of the muskets were sent through his body. He fell and expired in a few minutes. This tragic event seemed to take the courage out of the whole party.

Couriers were despatched to the neighboring towns where volunteers were stationed, and to headquarters in Montreal, and in a short time upwards of 400 volunteers from Sutton, Brome, Stanstead and Sherbrooke, arrived at Potton to meet and repel the invaders, should they again dare to cross the line. But, beyond threatening, no further hostile demonstrations were made upon the frontier towns.

The incident of these perilous times that is clear to

Mr. Tuck's memory is the raid made by the volunteer soldiers upon certain "suspects" in Georgeville in 1838, searching their houses for hidden arms and ammunition. Mr. Tuck's father, J. C. Tuck, lived a mile outside of the village and certain remarks caused the searching party to tear up the flooring in his shed. The guilty ones were arrested and jailed for later hearing. There were military headquarters at both the villages of Knowlton and Stanstead.

Mr. Tuck states that Lord's Island was cleared of its wood growth in the early days and used for stock pasturage. It was here demonstrated that pigs were natural born swimmers, for a drove of swine that had been put upon the island soon swam back to the main land.

With Mr. Henry S. Root of Newport

In my interview with Mr. H. S. Root of Newport I was particularly impressed with the remarkable memory he has for old-time affairs and people. His many years' experience as town clerk of Newport gave him an acquaintance with every person living in town, and he remembers them all to this day, as well as the location of of every building. He removed from Coventry to Newport in 1861. Those were the days when Coventry was far ahead of Newport in growth as well as business; for, when some of the church members separated from the church to come to Newport they said they were going out by themselves "to establish a church in the wilderness!" Mr. Root casually remarked that he was now *only* 87 years young.

OLDEST HOUSE IN EXISTENCE

Mr. Root reports the C. S. Cutting house at the East Side as being the only house in the city limits that stands now as when built, sometime in the 40's, without a change of some kind having been made.

The old storehouse in the rear of J. E. Foster's store, is thought by Mr. Root to have been used by Dr. Morrill as an office; it then being located about where John McEwen's residence now is, on Lane avenue.

The first acre of land ever sold in Newport was disposed of by Orville Robinson to Levi Field—now the Fairbrother property on Coventry street. The deed read that the land started from Orville Robinson's barnyard corner post. The remains of that post can now be seen on the lot.

It also appears that Mr. Robinson was responsible for the rounding effect of the turn at the foot of Coventry street, opposite what is now Eastern avenue, by the erection of his first building in that locality; over which there was considerable controversy with the village trustees. Mr. Root was a trustee at that time.

He well remembers the fire during the winter of 1867 when the Kathan block and the Baker, Robinson & Co. store burned. They were located on the old Drew lot. Mr. Root belonged to the volunteer fire brigade then, and the fight that night was a tough job, with the mercury low; but if it hadn't been for the good work done with the old hand engine the destruction would have been much worse. When he got through fighting fire that night he was encased in a solid armor of ice, and his overcoat stood by itself when removed.

With Mrs. Florence Parker-Newland of Newport

The first village school was taught by Miss Martha Stone—a sister of Mrs. Orville Robinson—in nothing better than a log hut, that stood a little above what was later the Cushman Gilbert homestead.

Those now living here who were residents of the village before the railroad came in 1863 are: Miss Lizzie M. Sargent, Mrs. Florence Parker Newland, Mrs. Nellie Merrill Smith, Mrs. John Enos, Mrs. Jack Hart, Mr. H. S. Root and Mr. Geo. W. Smith.

The first settlers of the town paid \$3 per acre for land.

The first railroad office was managed by Frank M. Sherman, who came to Newport on the first passenger train.

Once upon a time Judge Henry C. Cleveland of Coventry held a mortgage for \$700 on the whole point, including all the land now occupied by the village. Considering it a bad investment and thinking he would never get his money out of it, he traded his claim, taking in payment a yoke of oxen and a lot of other plunder. Compare this instance with prices that certain lots have commanded in recent years: Court house lot at \$3000; library lot at \$3600; government lot at \$13,000; Lane opera house lot at \$10,000, and so on.

With Mr. Geo. W. Smith of Newport

The Geo. W. Smith of the present day enjoys the distinction of being the grandson of the Geo. W. Smith who in 1828 owned all that point of land on which the City of Newport is now located; and is the son of Mr.

John S. Smith who was the village butcher and the first white child born within the limits of the first village charter. The details will be found on pages 32 to 38 of this book.

After the extension of the Missisquoi Railway Co.'s tracks to Newport in 1872, Geo. W. Smith was express Messenger between Newport and Richford, running in exchange with Hollis Baker, father of Mrs. F. C. Williams of Newport. At that time this strip of road was popularly known as "The Southeastern" and had merged with the Passumpsic Railroad Company for a brief time and returned to its original status. There was some trouble experienced at the northern end of the route, and parties not desiring the road extended would tear up the track; and starting out in the morning from Newport Mr. Smith said it was very uncertain as to how far the train would run. So persistent was the opposition in tearing the rails that the train only run to North Troy for some time. Rough gangs of men would surprise the man left in charge of a locomotive on a siding, shackle him and chain the locomotive to the track. But this desperado business passed into history when this much-afflicted strip of road was taken over by the Canadian Pacific.

In war times Newport was one of the routes that the skeddaddlers took to escape into Canada. Geo. Smith relates the experiences of one fellow who attempted to hide on the steamer Mountain Maid while she lay at her pier at the foot of what is now Lane avenue. He was discovered by an officer on watch for deserters, and in attempting to escape his clutches jumped overboard into the lake. He was recovered and jailed.

THE "LADY'S" PROUD DAY

Mr. Smith declared that the smartest day early Newport ever experienced was when the iron steamer *Lady* of the Lake made her first trip to Newport, on a beautiful afternoon in October, 1867, when even Dame Nature seemed to enter into the gala spirit of the occasion and had adorned the borders of Memphremagog in bright Autumnal robes, which she vainly mirrored on the quiet surface of the Lake. Not only were the townspeople quite alive to the occasion, but there were still many guests left at the Memphremagog House, who had remained longer than usual on purpose to be present at the boat's grandstand reception. Newport was also crowded with visitors from all the surrounding towns, and the pier was black with the restless, milling crowd. The first sight of her brought forth deafening cheers. As she felt her way into the harbor frequent soundings were taken to ensure a safe channel. The boat's guests and officers filed over the gangplank and through a human lane up into the Memphremagog House, where they were banqueted and the officials greeted as heroes.

Sir Hugh Allen, the chief stockholder in this navigation venture, had detailed a regular sea captain from his Allan Line of steamships, to temporarily command the "*Lady*;" thus Capt. Handyside was a very impressive personage in his goldlaced attire.

It actually seemed as though there was enough spirituous liquor on draught that day to have floated the *Lady*. Among the snarl of well-tanked sports was Jim Allen, a jovial lawyer of the Burgh. On that afternoon Jim espied a fisherman on the street with a large string of trout; and he was immediately impressed with the idea that he must



SEAL OF THE CITY OF NEWPORT

Indicative of the sentiment felt for the Lady of the Lake the Council of the City of Newport adopted the picture of that popular old Clyde steamer as the City seal.



The Isaac Brunelle Log House of Pioneer Days
Courtesy Mrs. Cunningham



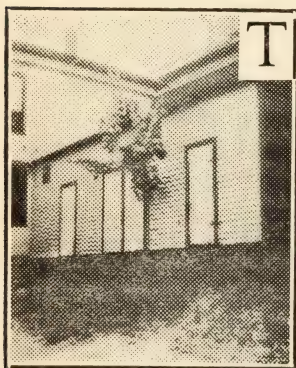
Brick House built by Calvin Arnold in 1824, on Clyde river,
settlement then known as Arnold's Mills
Photo. by Mrs. F. A. Hayward

have those fish—not a few, but the whole catch. So he bought the lot. Ho hum! then Jim had the time of his life in picking those fish up and getting them off the street. He'd gather an armful and they'd slide off in all directions—he just couldn't seem to get a grip on them; the tighter he pinched the slimy beauties the farther away they flipped. Jim didn't seem to get provoked but was so deadly in earnest juggling the slippery things that the perspiration rolled off his face in big drops. After the poor inebriate had entertained the street crowd quite some time a fellow yelled, "Put 'em in your pocket, Jim!" The apt suggestion seeped through Jim's cloudy brain in due time bringing this reply: "Tha's right, boys; why didn't you shay sho before?"



**NEWPORT'S FIRST STORE—
SHOP, OR
DOCTOR'S OFFICE—
WHICH IS IT?**

This initial cut shows "The Little House of Mystery" as it appears today. Architectural designs may have been studied out under its modest roof; or sugar-coated pills put up here for ailing pioneers; and there's also the possibility that General Merchandise has passed in and out of its door.



THERE is a very old little building in the rear of J. E. Foster's store that is surely a relic of ye olden tyme; but there is some difference of opinion among certain of our old residents as to what it was originally used for. Mr. H. S. Root thinks it might have been used by Dr. Morrill for his office, as the doctor had an office next west of the Memphremagog House horse

shed, which would place it about where John McEwen's house now is, halfway on Lane avenue.

In the memoirs of Dr. J. M. Currier he writes: "The

next building south of the Smith slaughter house (which was on the lake shore) on Lane avenue, was a small one-story building, occupied by Jonathan Moulton as a carpenter and joiner's shop; this building was previously the office of Dr. Thos. Glysson, the town's first physician." That exactly describes this little building in question.

The historical importance of this little house was called to my attention by Mr. Geo. W. Smith, whose grandfather built and occupied the first house in Newport.

Some thirty years ago when Mrs. Andrus visited here from Weymouth, Mass., she showed Mr. Smith this little Foster building, declaring it to have been the first store in the town of Newport, managed by her father. Mrs. Andrus gave the location about as Mr. Root has.

As to just what purpose it served in the early days seems in question, but that it is very old the structure shows for itself. It is but one-story high, about forty feet long by about ten feet wide. The walls are composed of half-inch boards, four inches wide, attached in the same manner as clapboards; there is no other wall protection or finish inside—simply single boarded. There is but one small window, glass was a scarce article when it was built. However, there were plenty of doors in front, as you will notice by the picture at the head of this article, and these doors were probably opened up in mild weather to give sufficient light to the interior. The single-boarded walls and the unfinished interior would indicate that the building might have been used for a shop instead of an office or a store.

THE FIRST HOUSE IN NEWPORT

As is mentioned on page 32 of this book, George W. Smith (grandfather of the present Geo. W. Smith of Newport) bought the entire peninsula on which the City of Newport now sets; but it would be well to emphasize the fact that the house he built was the first in town and its probable location was on the lot in front of Hurst's restaurant, the former Drew block. It was a one-story log house although of considerable foundation area, and was also used by Mr. Smith as an inn.

AN OPIUM ADDICT IN EXTREMITIS

We have written of one kind of human wreck that the civil war cast upon the world—the tramp; and now comes to mind an example of another phase of human flotsam and jetsam, emanating from the same source—the opium addict.

We had for a neighbor one of the kindest hearted men we ever knew. He had a large family, but was well-nigh poverty stricken—opium cost more than rum. He was a veteran of the civil war and had been badly wounded. The opium he took at the time to allay the pain forced a habit upon him that became impossible to break.

For convenience we will call him Mr. Jameson. Father had seen him several times in frantic need of the insidious opiate and pitied, instead of censoring, him, knowing as he did the extremity of the case.

It was a bitter cold night in the winter of '72. A driv-

ing snow storm had been beating in from the north all day and drifting badly. All had gone to bed but dad and he was winding the clock. Before he had finished that last duty of the night, there came the sound of something heavy falling against the front door. There was no subsequent sound, but father was always a stickler for seeing that all was O. K. about the premises before retiring; so he went to the door and upon opening it the body of a man sagged into the room and onto the floor. He dragged the unconscious form up to the big box stove and opened the dampers, then brought forth some stimulant. As he raised the man's head to force some brandy down his throat, he was startled to discover that the sufferer was Jameson. Father immediately knew the principal cause of the man's condition and calling mother to take charge of the victim he muffled up and drove off to the village to procure an allowance of opium. This was an exceptional case; father had got the opiate for Jameson before, when it would have been impossible for the latter to obtain it. The age of the man was detrimental to his being cured of the habit; so there was a mutual understanding between father and the dispenser. The afflicted was a worthy man, worked hard while he could, and had served his country faithfully, the god of war only being responsible for his ruin.

Upon returning to the farm father found Jameson in a pitiable plight and mother at her wit's end as to what next she could try for his relief. But a moment after the tiny pellet—no larger than a pin's head—had been given the near-maniac he was upon his feet singing and dancing, the happiest and most thankful of mortals.

He related how he had been chopping in the woods for his brother on the other side of the Lake and, finding

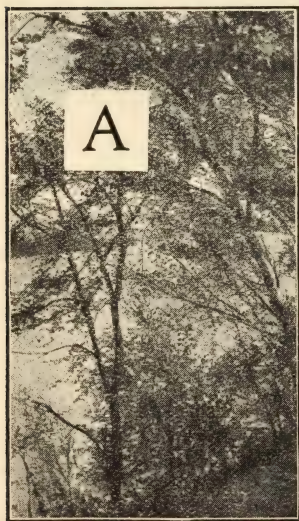
that he had no more dope left, started on foot for the east side and headed for father's farm, realizing the latter was his savior from pain and torture. No man in his right senses would have started out on such a journey in the kind of blizzard that was raging on the Lake; but his need was desperate—death was preferable to one of those terrible periods of delirium. Many times he stumbled to his knees, but as many times he would rise to determined effort in battling the storm and cold. Once when he tripped and fell he lay for a spell and was nearly covered with the drifting snow before his subconscious mind roused to the fact that this drowsy comfort meant sure and speedy death. Instead of rising again to his feet, however, he crept along on his hands and knees, finding there was less resistance from the wind. In this manner he plodded forward until he reached the home of his benefactor, when the tension on his nerves relaxed and he collapsed completely.

DIVISION IX

NOTABLE SONS, DAUGHTERS AND FRIENDS
OF THE MEMPHREMAGOG REGION, AT
HOME AND ABROAD, CONTRIBUTE THEIR
DATA, BY LETTER AND INTERVIEW.

JUDGE RILEY E. WRIGHT'S REMINISCENT LETTER

During his youth Judge Wright lived in Coventry on a farm in the North Neighborhood, upon a height of land overlooking Lake Memphremagog—Learned to swim in the South Bay—Adventures of Judge Isaac Parker—Contracts to catch bull frogs at \$1.00 per 100—The old Horse-power Boat—This initial cut is a view of the South Bay through the birches on the bank at Green Place.



Baltimore, Md., Jan., 1927.

M PLEASED to learn, but not surprised, that Beautiful Waters has proved a good seller. Every lover of Old Memphremagog should possess the book. I am glad also to know you contemplate putting out a second edition, since I am sure the first issue has not exhausted the entire store of interesting data concerning the Memphremagog region. You kindly suggest that a reminiscent letter from me would be appreciated. First—to answer your question as to

where I was born. I first saw the light of day in the town of Westminster, Vermont, on the 24th day of

July, 1839. When I was about two and one-half years old my parents removed to Coventry, Vt., my father having purchased a farm there in what is known as the North Neighborhood and abutting the crossroads there where the "little red schoolhouse" now stands, and where its predecessors stood, and where I both attended and taught school. I am today part owner of the same farm. I grew to manhood there. This schoolhouse is at the height of land in that neighborhood, and overlooks Lake Memphremagog, more especially the southern end, or what is now generally known as the South Bay. In those days, as now, it appealed to me most wonderfully. My activities about its waters was principally confined to that part of the lake. I fished there, boated and learned to swim there. I cannot remember when I couldn't swim; I must have learned quite early. It is not a lost art even with me today. Everybody should learn to swim. Swimming should be taught in our schools. I enjoy the pleasant consciousness of having saved at least two lives by knowing how to swim. My early swimming hole is off the shore of what was then the Abijah Knight place. He was the grandfather of Miss Elizabeth Sargent, librarian of the Goodrich Library. Her mother, Lucy Knight, was born on that farm, now known as the Billings or Gardner farm. N. D. Montague lived there previously. It is on the west shore and is the first dry land south of Newport. In those days the mosquito crop was the largest crop raised there. It had more mosquitoes to the square acre than I knew of elsewhere. I don't know if it is the same today? (It sure is, Judge!) The same old swimming hole is there, even unto this day. I visit it religiously as a shrine. It looks pretty much now as it did then—more than 60 years ago. As showing how much I am given to sentiment: always

when visiting the spot I bring away some souvenir. Last year when I was there, as the most convenient thing within my reach, I brought away as a souvenir, a mullenstalk in bloom, and today it lies within easy reach as I write this letter.

In the spring of the year when the snows melted the freshets came and the high water flooded the muskrats, forcing them out of their houses on the marshes. The pelts we tried to save and to market brought but 10 cents per skin, or so. The muskrat fur today is highly prized. The quadruped is being farmed now on the eastern shore of Maryland and in other states, I believe, and I am told it is a profitable industry.

JUDGE ISAAC PARKER, THE HUNTER AND SCHOLAR

The reminiscence of muskrat hunting days brings other memories in that connection. Judge Isaac Parker of Coventry, then in advanced years, had been and was then known as a famous hunter. He hunted the muskrat in season. He camped in the woods near the lake. I used to see him there daily, paddling his log dugout canoe, generally standing erect when visiting the great number of traps he had set all about that part of the lake and near the mouth of Barton river. He was quite a remarkable man mentally as well as in appearance—tall, straight and dignified. He was a graduate of Middlebury College, which also was my alma mater. He was in the first class that "Old Midd." graduated. He early settled on his farm near East Coventry railroad station (as it was later) and lived there to a very advanced age until death. The buildings were destroyed by fire a few years since. His wife was a Miss Cobb, who was the first child born in the

town of Coventry, and raised a numerous family. Chief Judges Isaac F. Redfield and Timothy Parker Redfield of the Vermont Supreme Court, were his nephews.

Judge Parker was rather austere though just and kind, and I always stood somewhat in awe of him, yet courted his presence that I might profit from his learning and large store of information. He was a fertile story teller, especially in hunting tales. One I will mention here. Once when his hunting camp stood near a deer lick, where that game was plentiful, he spied a fine buck. He grabbed his gun and proceeded to load or charge it while on his way to intercept the stag. He came up with his quarry and fired. The deer leaped high in the air and fell dead. He carried him to camp, dressed it, but was unable to discover any wound, or place where the bullet had penetrated, which puzzled him very much. But when about to retire that night he put his hand in his vest pocket and found the identical bullet he had hastily placed there preparatory to charging his gun; in his haste he had evidently neglected to put it in the gun. Here was the full explanation of the absence of a wound. His solution of the mystery was that the animal had died from fright. A queer case surely and very exceptional.

JUDGE PARKER A HERO CHARACTER IN A NOVEL

Judge Parker was the hero character in "Grant Gurley," one of Thompson's later and best novels. He figured there under the pseudonym of "Carvil the Hunter." The facts upon which the story was founded (being a history of his student life) having been given the author by Judge Parker.

CATCHES BULLFROGS AT A \$1.00 PER HUNDRED

Another character—and he was a character, too—mentioned in your first issue, namely, Godfrey Rivers, or “la Rivier” as you call him, *a la Francais*. I early found him on Bartlett’s Point which juts out into the lake opposite what was called the “Channel,” a strait of deep water between the rushes—the main gateway for both men and fishes.

Godfrey had made a small clearing in the woods on this point, built himself a comfortable log cabin where he lived for many years, engaged principally in gill-net fishing, with occasional day’s work out on the neighboring farms. I was often a volunteer assistant to him. But he played me a mean trick at last. He told me he had a good market for frog meat in the nearby towns and offered to pay me one dollar per hundred for all the frogs I could get for him. In good faith I seized upon the job. The marsh there opposite his house was alive with great big bull frogs. So I went to work at once, going out on his boat landing of logs laid lengthwise to his boat, armed with a good long, stout cudgel. I tapped the innumerable frog heads that appeared on every hand and soon had the prow of the boat piled high with frog corpses, and fancied I was doing a most successful stroke of business. Late that afternoon Godfrey appeared upon the scene, expecting to go with his boat to the gill nets, not knowing probably I had taken him in earnest. He looked astonished to find his boat loaded with dead frogs, and he told me to hustle them overboard. I refused to do so, or to assist him in doing it. He swore at me all the time he was discharging his unwelcome cargo. Feeling wronged and hurt I expressed myself to him somewhat freely.

We didn't do business together much after that. In later years I used to see him occasionally after he located in Newport. His *habitat* dialect was peculiar and quaint. To the latest day if one asked him if he thought it was going to rain, he would invariably reply: "Proibly she will, consibly she wont."

THE OLD HORSE-POWER BOAT

In your Beautiful Waters I failed to see mention made of the one-time horse-power boat. In my early boyhood I remember to have seen such a horseboat moored at Newport and also witnessed its movements. It was nothing more or less than a large scow, without a deck, but with seats for passengers. It had a large plank disk some 12 or 15 feet in diameter, tilted up to an angle of possibly 20 degrees and connected at its center to a pivot fitting into cogwork attached to a shaft, with large paddle wheels. The horse walked up on the right side of the disk, thus causing it and the paddle wheels to revolve and the craft moved forward as gracefully as a duck on the waters. Capt. Geo. W. Fogg was its commander. I heard him with his stentorian voice giving his customary command, "Trim the boat!" with as great pride of bearing as if he had been in command of an ocean liner.

But I am sure this is enough, though my pen might run on indefinitely.

Most sincerely,

RILEY E. WRIGHT.

JUDGE HENRY C. CLEVELAND RELATES INTERESTING EARLY INCIDENTS

The Judge is Young at 85—Mr. Elijah Cleveland Held Mortgages on Pickerel Point—Building of River Road Between Coventry and Newport—Airplane and Horseless Carriage Invention in the Memphremagog Region—Newport Gets a “Leg” from Coventry.

A SURVEY of the Memphremagog regional history would not be complete without an expression from Judge Henry C. Cleveland of Coventry.

It was a particular pleasure of the writer to have a pleasant and instructive interview with Mr. Cleveland a few weeks ago when he was in Newport City to attend a bank directors' meeting. Yes! even at an age that the average person would call advanced (85 years) this gentleman meets his engagements with inimitable punctiliousness. You say “he has earned his retirement;” that may be, but a man of the Judge's calibre would not feel contented in retirement—this activity is his recipe for keeping young in spirit. Mr. Cleveland's farm duties, as well as business obligations, continue to have his judicious oversight and attention.

In revising a paragraph appearing on page 200 (which was as reported to the writer), Mr. Elijah Cleveland, father of the subject of this sketch and also a resident of Coventry, held two mortgages on “Pickerel Point”—one for \$600 and another for \$200—but, considering it a doubt-

ful investment at that early time, bartered it off to Mr. Orville Robinson of Newport.

Mr. Elijah Cleveland was born in Waterford, Vt., coming to Coventry when a young man and engaging in trade with a Mr. Parks, the firm name being E. Cleveland & Co.

The first settlement of the town was on the hill where the cemetery now is and was known as Coventry Centre; but the above firm located in the valley where Coventry Falls now is, and besides their store they conducted a saw mill and a pearlash and starch factory.

ELIJAH CLEVELAND BUILDS RIVER ROAD

An outstanding accomplishment during Elijah Cleveland's life was building the river road between Coventry and Newport. This was between 50 and 60 years ago—or in the 60's. The road cost \$800, and the laborers were paid \$8.00 and board per month. Such a six-mile strip of road these days (hard-surface) costs approximately \$300,000.

Mr. Elijah Cleveland was "side" judge of Orleans County Court from 1844 to 1846, and his son, Henry C., held that County position from 1901 to 1904, inclusive. Elijah died at the age of 88 years.

A SON OF COVENTRY INVENTS AIRPLANE

Judge Cleveland's son Walter is a lieutenant in the United States aviation service, and has furnished entertainment and thrills over the heads of Orleans County inhabitants for a number of years. However, Walter was not Coventry's first aviator. Between 1860 and '70 Ozias Boynton of Coventry experimented in aviation and finally conceived a plane so that he could "take off" from his barn and glide several rods per flight.

Right in this line of locomotion invention in the Memphremagog region was the horseless carriage. In about 1865 Henry Taylor of Stanstead conceived and built a "road steamer," having a boiler under which a fire was built—similar to a stationary engine outfit. It created a furore among the citizens of our Canadian neighbor township, and Mr. Cleveland has a vivid recollection of a ride in this "fearful tho wonderfully made" self-propelling vehicle.

Messrs. Henry C. Cleveland and Henry S. Root are about of an age (and one is about as youthful feeling as the other) and the latter esteemed gentleman of Newport is the only man now living with whom Judge Cleveland used to associate in the early days (Mr. Root having been a Coventry resident in his young manhood).

LUKE CHAPIN OF DUNCANSBORO HELPS ORGANIZE TOWN OF COVENTRY

While Newport's organizing citizenship was considerably strengthened by representative men from Coventry, Historian Pliny White reports in Heminway's Gazetteer that leading pioneers of Coventry made application to Mr. Luke Chapin, first selectman of Duncansboro, to come and organize the Town of Coventry; and a meeting to consummate that purpose was held at Samuel Cobb's house on March 31, 1803.

NEWPORT GETS A "LEG" FROM COVENTRY

That part of Coventry which bordered upon the South Bay of Lake Memphremagog was in the form of a strip 108 rods wide and two miles, four rods long, named "Coventry Leg;" and this *leg* was legally attached to the *body* of Newport in 1816.

MESSAGE FROM MRS. B. E. SHAW

DERBY DAYS

MY EARLIEST recollections of Lake Memphremagog and vicinity date back to the time that my father, C. S. Cutting, began business as a merchant, in West Derby. He met my mother, Laura Newcomb, of Stanstead, while on a business trip from Boston to Montreal, stopping for the night at the home of her father, Israel Newcomb. After his marriage my father lived for a few years at his native place, Lyme, N. H., where my brother and I were born. About the year 1846 he moved to West Derby and began business as proprietor of Blake's Hotel, which stood on the northwest corner of what is now East Main street and Sias avenue.

Two years later my father bought a general store from old Judge Pike, who had also built, about 1843 the house on East Main street now known as the C. S. Cutting house and which, also, my father purchased from him. My father later bought from James Dane much of the land between East Main street and Clyde river, including the ground on which the Baptist Church now stands and where the West Derby District School formerly was. On a part of this land the East Main St. Cemetery is now located and my husband, B. E. Shaw, built our first home on a lot at the western corner of this land, near the top of "Sand Hill." Opposite this was the William Norris house.

Among my school mates of those days were Hattie Fish, daughter of Ira Fish; Julia Ann and Caroline Smith, daughters of Reuben Smith, shoemaker; Edwin and Edward Sias, twin sons of Cyrus Sias; the Carleton children from Indian Point; Rob Chandler, son of Daniel Chandler; Lydia and Rebecca Severns, whose father kept bees; Luella Norris, daughter of Wm. Norris; Emma and Gary Cummings, whose father, Gary Cummings, lived the next house east from what is now Indian Point St., on Main St.; Jane and Julia Hammond, daughters of Eben Hammond, the blacksmith. Many now living will remember the old Hammond well, the cool waters from which slaked the thirst of many a school child and passer-by. This well stood in front of the blacksmith shop, at the corner of what is now East Main and Indian Point streets. From this corner to the bottom of the hill on Indian Point St. was our favorite coasting place in winter. We spoke of it as "sliding down Hammond's Hill to the Cummings Brook."

I remember of hearing a bear whistle, one day when I was gathering raspberries, just in back of the boiling spring, toward the lake. I was evidently trespassing on Mr. Bear's luncheon grounds and his signal caused me to promptly withdraw. Of course in those days Indian Point was almost entirely covered with the "forest primeval," the principal trees being pine, birch, black cherry, soft maple, etc. About the only homes well down on Indian Point in my childhood were the Carletons, the Swetts, the Chandlers and, over toward the cove, the Scotts. When I was about 15 we thought it a great frolic to go hop-picking down to the Carlton farm, at 50 cents a day. This place is now known as Allendale Farm.

STORY OF INDIAN DAYS

Speaking of Indian Point: although I never saw Indians there, my grandmother Newcomb told me of the following incident, which was probably one of the last encounters between early settlers and the vanishing red men.

When some Canadian settlers were cutting timber on Indian Point, about where the Chandler place afterward was and, still later, the Nat. Ball place, Indians were often seen. One man named, I think, Abe Alexander, had his wife and a small child with him, and employed several wood-cutters. They had a log cabin consisting of one room below and an attic above. In the attic was one end window, so near to a large tree branch that one could crawl from the window to the branch.

There had been rumors of Indians in the vicinity and Mrs. Alexander had become a little nervous. Finally, one day she noticed an Indian near the spring to which they must go by a path for water. Soon he came up to the house and asked for food. She went to the table, cut a pumpkin pie in two, slipped half of it on a tin plate and gave it to him. He smiled and, pointing to the baby said "Pretty." The baby, interested in the funny looking man, returned his smile; and as he ate he repeatedly smiled to the baby who always returned the smile. Meanwhile the anxious mother, longing for some of the men to come, offered the other half of the pie which the Indian took and ate, still continuing the smiling game with the baby. Mrs. Alexander was wondering if she should blow the horn and call the men. The Indian saw her look at the horn, and shook his head. Then, again smiling at the baby, he took up his bow and arrow and went away.

For several days the men did not dare to leave the

cabin, so they made an excuse to stay near, by building on an addition. Finally, they returned to their work of clearing in the woods.

After a few more days Mrs. Alexander looked out from the cabin upon hearing a sudden yell and saw several Indians around the new part of the cabin. She seized her baby, climbed a ladder to the second floor and crawled out of the window into the tree. There she sat in terror, while the swaying of the tree in the wind lulled the baby to sleep. She soon smelled smoke and knew they were setting fire to the cabin. After a little she saw two or three more Indians coming. One seemed to be calling and giving orders. Soon she saw he had ordered the others to put the fire out, which they did at once. Then this Indian chief began looking anxiously about, as though searching for people inside, and Mrs. Alexander saw it was the Indian she had fed. Her husband and the other woodsmen, seeing smoke, came running to the cabin. The chief, whom they called "No Dare," kept saying "No, no!" to his men, indicating that they were not to attack; while he kept on looking for "woman and baby."

Just then Mr. Alexander looked up into the tree and saw his wife with the sleeping baby in her arms. They were soon helped to safety, much to the delight of the friendly Indian who had been won by a baby's smile.

NEWPORT LANDMARKS

I well remember when Newport was called "Lake Bridge."

When I attended Newport Academy it was located on the second floor of the building on Main St., then partially occupied by C. J. Hibbard's shoe shop.

I first met Mr. Shaw at the home of Mrs. Alfred Randall. A number of young people had met to make articles for a bazaar to raise money for a library, and Mr. Shaw with his first wife, Fidelia Johnson of Woodstock, were there. She lived only a year.

After leaving high school I taught at the district school on the Beebe Plain road. D. M. Camp was then school superintendent.

After my marriage to Mr. Shaw we lived for a year at the home he built in West Derby and after boarding in Newport until about 1870, bought the home now owned by J. W. Redmond. We bought it from William Gilman, father of Geo. C. Gilman, the merchant. At the time of our marriage Mr. Shaw was leader of the Newport brass band. Some of the other members whom I remember were: "Hezzie" Green, Charley Daily of Coventry, a Mr. Adams of Derby, George Newland, Leonard Fields and, I think, John Carpenter.

Mr. Shaw's first place of business was a small building erected for him on Main street, just west of Coventry street, where Morse's shop had stood. Later Mr. Shaw occupied the east half of the Coburn block next door west of the present Foster clothing store. When Emmons Raymond added the west wing to the Memphremagog House Mr. Shaw took the new store in the corner of it. There he had his jewelry store, adding fancy and sporting goods, confectionery and fruits for accommodation of guests of the hotel. There, too, he was postmaster for nine years. While in the Coburn block he was Newport's first telegraph operator.

I well remember the Pages who kept the hotel before it was called the Memphremagog House. I saw it gradually enlarged until it became, under the enterprise of Em-

mons Raymond, one of the best hostelries of New England. Many were the distinguished names found upon its register, including the Kissams of New York, the Misses Davis of Philadelphia, Mr. Chase of Boston, whose name is associated with one of our finest coffees; Mr. Bryant of the Boston Journal, Col. Noyes of Concord and the Lovells of firearms fame.

When I first went to Newport to live there were but two churches, Baptist and Congregational. We were members of the latter, where Mr. Shaw led the choir for many years. Rev. R. V. Hall was the first pastor and his successors, Rev. George Bailey and Rev. E. P. Wild, were our well-remembered neighbors and friends.

I have seen Newport grow from pioneer hamlet to a city; but fairest of all were the days when families, laden with picnic baskets, enjoyed the "chug-chug" of the Lady of the Lake as they were borne to haunts along the shore of the truly "Beautiful Waters" for a season of healthful enjoyment.

MRS. B. E. SHAW.

Middlebury, Vermont.

MEMOIRS OF A DESCENDANT OF THE PROUTY-ADAMS PIONEERS

House built by Martin Adams in 1800 still standing—When the Mountain Maid used to land at Flat Rock, near Adams Bay—Toting grists to Brownington Mill—Spinning, Dyeing and Weaving Cloth—Boating Experiences.

Framingham, Mass., Feb. 12, 1927.

Mr. William Bullock.

My Dear Sir:—

YOUR letter of recent date, asking me to write something additional to the facts stated in your book, *Beautiful Waters*, has been duly received. I hesitate to write of these things, thinking they may be too personal and uninteresting to the general public; but as a descendant of two of the original settlers of Newport I may presume.

My great grandfather, John Prouty, had a numerous family; among the sons was Arnold Prouty, born in 1798, who married Sally, daughter of Martin Adams. This last had built the first framed house in town, in about the year 1800.

Martin Adams had married Betsey Ryder, daughter of Elder Ryder of St. Johnsbury and it was the mother of Martin Adam's wife, living with her granddaughter, who was the old lady lost in the woods (related in the article, "Lost in Duncansboro," found on page 133 in this book) and who, when found, said "the brooks all run the wrong way." She lived to be 102 years old and is buried in the old Lake Road Cemetery, not far from where she spent the closing years of her life.

THE ADAMS-PROUTY HOUSE OF 1800

This Martin Adams house is still standing and is known as the Himes Place. My grandfather, Arnold Prouty, bought it on the death of Martin Adams and took to live with him not only his wife's mother, Mrs. Martin Adams, but also the latter's mother, Mrs. Betsey Ryder mentioned above. This house was considered quite a mansion when built. On the main floor there were three large rooms, three bedrooms and a pantry, besides (in my day) a "dark bedroom" made by taking out a brick oven with fireplaces, etc., from the center of the house. There was also a basement fronting on the road and in this Grandfather Prouty and family lived for a short time after he sold the place to my father, John A. Prouty, on his marriage to Hannah Lamb in 1853. In this house were born Chas. A., Nellie B., Harley Hall, Edgar John and all children of the above. Gov. Geo. H. Prouty was born in 1862 on a part of the farm now owned by Mr. Richmond, where the road is now discontinued and the house moved onto the shore of Prouty & Miller's bay. Willard R., youngest son of John A. Prouty, is a member of the Vermont Senate from Orleans County.

About 1861 J. A. Prouty sold this old house to Warren Himes and it has remained in possession of his heirs since then. It seems a pity this house of so much historic value to Newport should be allowed to decay, after having stood so long. J. A. Prouty sold because he thought that he must build a new house, and that was 66 years ago.

Life in those days was far from easy. When flour was needed Grandfather Prouty took the sack of grain in a boat up the lake and Barton river, then toted it on his shoulders over the hills to Brownington, the nearest mill.

Probably this did not seem as hard to him as it would to us, as he was a powerful man physically and boasted that he had cleared 12 farms with his own axe.

The women, too, did their share, spinning, dyeing and weaving most of the clothing worn by their families. I have watched my two grandmothers, also my mother, as they wove cloth for the "frocks" worn by men at their work, carpets for the floors and remember distinctly a piece of flannel woven by my mother and her mother who was Mrs. Phineas Page: navy blue, checked with red; that was for school, while I wore "pressed flannel" for church.

PICNIC PARTIES AND BOATING EXPERIENCES

One of my early recollections is of a picnic and boat ride when Capt. Fogg landed the Mountain Maid at the "Flat Rock," so-called, near our home. This is a natural landing, often used since. Here were taken on all the people of that section for a ride down the lake. It was my first ride on a steamer and I recall my fears when the Captain shouted a warning to the passengers not to all run to one side; by so doing we would capsize the boat.

Picnics seemed to be in favor then as well as now. One remains in mind yet, when a group of young people sang the song:

"All together, all together—once, once again," etc.

"O, could we ever dwell in social pleasures here,
No more to sever from the friends we love so dear."

The pathetic part is that several of those young men enlisted in the war for the preservation of the Union, from which some came back wrecks and others not at all.

The steamboats on the lake have been closely interwoven with the lumbering interests of our family; but the *Lady of the Lake* was not at first destined to tow rafts of logs. The excitement of us youngsters as we watched for the first appearance of this Clyde-built steamer can hardly be appreciated now. We watched in vain the first week—in the first trial to launch the boat at Magog in 1867 she stuck on the ways and would not slide. When she finally appeared she was hailed as marvellous.

One Sunday Bishop Niles had been called to conduct a service on the "*Lady*." When they were about to leave the wharf a load of sheep was driven on board, much to the surprise of the good bishop.

Our family had been privileged to ride in the pilot house and all had learned to steer the boat, as they had used it out of the passenger season to tow rafts. I learned with the rest to keep the boat's course the entire length of the lake, the regular pilot making the landings. One day a party of over a thousand people was on board. Gardner Davis, the pilot, had sat down out of sight after getting well started, leaving me at the wheel. A woman was much disturbed and went to Capt. Fogg with the complaint that no one but a girl was at the helm. The Captain glanced up and knowing Davis was there on guard, said, "O, it's all right, it's Nellie."

One of my greatest privileges was to visit my Grandmother Page, especially while she was with her husband, Phineas Page, managing the Tavern at "The Bridge," as it was then called. People came from a long distance in the early sixties to eat her baked longe, and Grandfather Page could entertain them with the best stories going.

Their daughter Ruthy was the life of the house and a

privileged character. As she grew up and became the wife of Henry Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury she showed those same qualities of animation and executive ability while she dispensed the hospitality of her beautiful home and made herself loved by all for her good works. The Pages afterwards moved onto the Lake Road about a mile from us. Then Ruthy often used to ride to school with the children of Roswell Prouty who lived on the hill above and who drove down with the mare called "Old Morgan" and then, securing the reins, sent the horse home alone. The legend says Old Morgan would go after the children without a driver, but I do not vouch for that. It is possible, however, as she was a wise mare.

The names of Daggett, Meacham, Pratt, Holbrook, Adams, Page, Richmond, Batchelder, Bowley, Kendall, Grimes, Norris and Moulton were all familiar as dwellers in that section at that time.

I am wondering if the schoolhouse described in your book was not the same one in which my brother Charles A. and I received our first schooling. I am quite sure it was the same in which my father went to school. Here in the summer—at least one season—my brother and I, with two Holbrook boys, were the only scholars. Carrie Pratt, afterwards Mrs. Chas. Ranney, was the teacher and, I am told, received \$1.25 per week, boarding herself! We were well drilled and upon moving to the village were in advance of our mates of like years.

Wishing you success in your efforts to rescue some of those facts from oblivion concerning our pioneer ancestors, I am

Yours sincerely,

NELLIE B. PALMER.

THE ISAAC BRUNELLE LOG HOUSE

One of the first buildings of its kind erected in Pioneer days—It sheltered Newport's first Sunday School—Isaac Brunelle lived to be 94 years old; had 3 wives, 22 children, 40 grand children and 30 great grand children.

THE illustration on page 203 shows the old log house where Isaac Brunelle lived. It was located in a field near what is now the junction of upper Pleasant street and Highland avenue. Brunelle was an early settler of Lake Memphremagog; a French Canadian and a very clever, honest man, ever ready to do his neighbor a kindness, having the respect of the entire community. Most of his livelihood was obtained by fishing. He was the first man to put gill nets into our lake, which were afterwards prohibited by the Legislature.

The picture of the cabin was taken by a St. Johnsbury artist soon after they commenced to tear it down. He called it the first log house in Newport. There had been, however, a log structure erected on what is now the Newport House site previous to Brunelle's, by John Sias and used by him as a logging camp when he cut the pine timber off "Pickerel Point." For family dwelling purposes, though, the Brunelle habitation apparently holds the date precedent.

It is a historical fact that this pictured log house was the spot where the first Sunday School in Newport was held; having been organized by Miss Martha Miner of Peacham, Vt., a sister to Mr. Orville Robinson's second

wife. She used to visit at her sister's home in Newport and she saw that Mr. Brunelle had a large family and thinking she could do some good she organized a Sunday School there, which survived several months. (This corrects a statement made on page 200, that "the first village school was taught by Miss Martha Stone," etc. It should read "the first Sunday School.")

On Christmas Day, 1885, Mr. Brunelle died, aged 94 years. He had had three wives and 22 children; over 40 grand children and 30 great grand children. I obtained these facts from Mrs. Frank Lontaigne who resided in Glen Derby on the exact site of the old dye works built in 1869 and 1870, and manufactured dyes several years.

Mrs. Lontaigne was Enna Hill, a daughter of John Hill; her first husband was Frank Brunelle, a son of Isaac the first settler.

Thus will the future inhabitants of Newport be represented by the descendants of those hardy, hard-working early settlers.

The above was written by Dr. J. M. Currier and left with Mr. D. W. Hildreth when editor of the Express and Standard, the latter turning it over to the writer; hence this is the first publishing of either the article or picture.

"BEDROOM POINT" IN 1797

The grandmother of W. N. Ives of Georgeville was the first white woman to sleep on the point at Merriman's Bay now owned by J. B. Pearse, thus giving it the name of "Bedroom Point," two miles north of Georgeville.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER STATISTICS

Two Revolutionary Soldiers buried in East Main Street Cemetery—Pig Farm on Lord's Island

Claremont, N. H., Sept. 21, 1926.

Mr. W. B. Bullock.

My Dear Sir:—

LONG before this I had hoped to give you the complete data on the two Revolutionary soldiers buried in the East Main Street Cemetery. Although I have had correspondence with several State vital statistics officers I haven't yet unquestioned proof of the origin of these men. However, I will give you what I have:

Jose. Page, died Jan. 1, 1838, ae. 80 ys., 11 mo., 2 ds. His tombstone states that he was a sergeant in the Revolution.

Abram (Abraham) Alexander, died May 23, 1851, ae. 92 ys., 3 mo., 22 ds. His tombstone says that he was a patriot of the war of 1776.

These are the only soldiers of the Revolution buried in that cemetery and probably the only ones buried in Newport. The explanation as to why they should be interred in a town not founded until after the close of the war is that in their old age they gave up their homes and went to live with their children, being buried in the community where they died.

There is one soldier of the War of 1812 buried in the

Pine Hill cemetery, in the abandoned part. He is Samuel Patch, born in Littleton, Mass., August 23, 1774; died in Salem-Derby Feb. 28, 1843; married April 23, 1801, to Mary Corey of Plainfield, N. H. They were the parents of nine children, the fourth child being Dr. Lewis Patch of West Derby.

Samuel Patch was the son and grandson of two Revolutionary soldiers: Abraham Patch, Jr., and Abraham Patch, Sr., of Littleton, Mass.

Samuel Patch was a soldier in a Vermont regiment in the war of 1812, and was in the Plattsburg engagement.

BRYANT AND THE PIGS

In the early days when the original owner of that section of the Lake Memphremagog region now known as Bryant's Wharf was living and conducting a large pig farm, he found himself overstocked and decided to use Lord's Island for a summer pasture. One or more boats were filled with the pigs and conveyed safely across. The boats returned, reloaded and were about to make the second trip when they met the first load bravely swimming back to the mainland, apparently not appreciating the island as a summer resort.

BERNICE WEBB PUTNAM.

ARNOLD'S MILLS AND ADAMS' BAY

A thrifty community in 1800, with a grist mill, saw mill, clover mill, nail forge, etc.—The Arnold Brick House built in 1824—Village of Newport starts at Adams Bay—An Indian Raid.

ALTHOUGH a very busy man Dr. G. F. Adams, the oldest physician practicing in Newport City, granted the writer an interview, which relates important data of more than a century ago.

Opposite page 203 of this book we show a picture of the old brick house built by Calvin Arnold in 1824; the only exterior change being a modern piazza built on the front side. It is located on the Clyde river near the Prouty dam. The illustration was taken during the winter of 1927 and shows the domicile of the Grand Seignior Arnold to be in a wonderfully good state of preservation.

In this locality Calvin Arnold settled in about the beginning of 1800 and it was known as Arnold's Mills, and a very industrious place it was. At the different falls was located a grist mill, saw mill, clover mill, a nail forge and tannery vats. This was headquarters for an area of many miles.

Calvin Arnold was the great grandfather of Dr. G. F. Adams of Newport City. He came from Randolph, Vt. and was the grand seignior^o of his newly established community.

^o The preliminary steps to be taken to obtain the grant of a township of land were for a number of individuals intending to become settlers to organize themselves into a company called "Associates," and select one

To get a reserve supply of water for power purposes Mr. Arnold made a flowage dam and flooded the meadow above the falls.

ADAMS' BAY

Dr. G. F. Adams is also a direct descendant of the brothers Deacon and Calendar Adams, the pioneers of Newport village settlement, who pitched near the shores of Lake Memphremagog, in a cove that became known as Adams Bay—nearly opposite what is now the railroad underpass on the Lake Road. Here the nucleus for the village of Newport was formed. A church was built, a store, shoe shop, blacksmith shop, and other community providers were started while the Newport City site (Pick-erel Point) was still a wilderness of pine trees and stumps.

In later years when the Burlington road was built—which passed from Derby, crossed the narrows on the new bridge, and passed over the peninsula two miles south of the Adams Bay settlement—the church at the latter place was moved up to its present site on Second street and became the Baptist house of worship.

AN INDIAN RAID, CAPTURE AND ESCAPE

Back in the era when the redman held sway over the wild regions of the Province of Quebec and Vermont, a

from their number to act as their agent (or grand seignior) in the transaction of the business for the government. In this arrangement the agent was to bear all expenses incurred in the survey of the township; to open a road to and through it; to erect mills within it; and to obtain signatures of a certain number of persons, pledging themselves to become actual settlers on the premises. The number of Associates required corresponded with the size of the tract petitioned for, 40 being the usual number designated for a township 10 miles square.

band of raiding Abenakis from Canada captured a number of women and children from the village of South Royalton, Vermont, and started back to Indian headquarters, their route bringing them near the Memphremagog region. When encamped one night one of the women captives secured a tomahawk and brained a careless Indian sentinel, giving freedom to all the captives; who returned to their homes under great dangers and privations.

One of these captive boys was Jacob Fish, who became the great grandfather of Dr.G.F. Adams of Newport.

The town of Royalton erected a monument in honor of the brave woman who liberated and saved the lives of so many of her townspeople.

Dr. Adams' grandfather, Ira Fish, who resided on what is now the Doctor's farm, bordering Clyde River near the present electric light station, was an original stockholder in the Derby Line National Bank when that institution was a State bank. Dr. Adams now holds this original stock as a treasured heirloom.

The small brick house on East Main street, opposite Dr. Adams' residence, was built in about 1830. About the year 1854 Luke Davis moved to this brick house from the Jocelyn farm on the Lake Road. His son, F. P. Davis, was then seven years old. This youngster developed into one of Newport's most prominent and aggressive business men. In about the sixties F. P. Davis owned large tracts of real estate where Third, Summer and Prospect streets are now laid out. Mr. Davis was born in what is now the residence in connection with the Newport Stock Farm.

Dr. Adams' grandfather, Abial Adams, was the first white child born at Adams Bay—in 1794.

JOHN HILL VOTED JUST THE SAME

Dr. Adams relates a story of John Hill, a well-known character around Newport of French ancestry and an industrious resident of that suburb of Newport called "Stovepipe City." John's humorous blending of the French and English languages was entertaining at times. A village meeting had been called and as is customary with every good citizen, John Hill was promptly on hand to exercise his right of franchise. But John's right to vote was challenged and he appeared before the Board of Civil Authority, who quizzed him as follows:

Q. "John, have you voted in Newport before?"

A. In his most polite and calm manner John replied: "Gentlemens, if you pleases, I vote in no other places excepts Newport."

Q. "How long have you lived in Newport?"

A. "Gentlemens, if you pleases, I live in Newport pass 40 yearases."

Q. "Where were you born?"

A. "Gentlemens, if you pleases, as I was very youngs when that happens, I don't remembers."

The questioner being satisfied by this time, told John Hill that he sure had earned his right to vote.

GEN. STARK ADOPTED BY THE INDIANS
AT THEIR
HEADQUARTERS ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

On the 28th of April, 1752, four young men: William Stark, John Stark, David Stinson and Amos Eastman, while hunting in what is now know as Rumney, N. H., were surprised and fired upon by the Indians. Stinson was killed and William Stark escaped. John Stark and Amos Eastman were taken prisoners and brought by these Abenquois or St. Francis Indians to their headquarters on Lake Memphremagog, where they were compelled to run the gauntlet. The young braves stood in two lines armed with clubs or sticks with which they beat the captive as he passed, carrying in his hands a pole six or eight feet long, surmounted with the skin of an animal. Eastman was nearly beaten to death in his transit. Stark used his pole with such vigor, swinging it right and left, that he escaped with slight injury. This feat pleased the old Indians who, as spectators, enjoyed the sport at the expense of the warriors. They then directed Stark to hoe their corn. He at first carefully hoed the weeds and cut the corn up by the roots and finally threw his hoe into the river, saying "it is the business of squaws and not warriors to hoe corn." This pleased the Indians and they adopted him under the title of "Young Chief." He became a great favorite and was kindly treated.

Captain Stevens shortly redeemed him for \$103 and Eastman for \$60. At the time of his capture Stark was 24 years old. He was afterwards known to fame as General Stark. He was also a lieutenant under the famous Major Rogers who surprised and destroyed the village of St. Francis, escaping by Lake Memphremagog.—Sanborn's History of New Hampshire.

ALTITUDES OF QUEBEC MOUNTAINS

The altitude of Mts. Orford and Owl's Head, as given on page 186, have been commonly accepted as approximately right and so generally published; also that Orford was the highest mountain in Eastern Canada. However, information given by Rev. Ernest M. Taylor, secretary of Brome County Historical Society of Knowlton, Que., shows a later and more accurate survey, as follows:

"Reports on altitudes of the mountains in Canada from the Geological Survey of Ottawa give Mt. Orford only 2850 feet above sea level and Owl's Head only 2480 feet above sea level; while Mt. Sutton (Old Round Top) is 3050 feet, or 200 feet above Orford. But the Bolton, Potton and Sutton mountains rise so high about Round Top that one does not realize the height of old Round Top. I know it has long been the common belief that Orford is the highest point east of the Rockies; but it is not true, as the Shickshock range in Gaspé county has points that run up to 3500 feet, and Table Top mountain in Gaspé county is the highest mountain recorded in the Province of Quebec and that is placed in the official geologic record at 4000 feet."

Mr. J. C. Holland, editor of the Stanstead Journal, who is also authority on mountain altitudes of Quebec, gives practically the same figures as Mr. Taylor. We are much pleased to give the above official statement.

